The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXXV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1923 NUMBER 453

Contents

The Week 270

Editorials

America and the Next War..... 274
The Teaching of Literature..... 275
Bolshevism Safe and Sane..... 276

General Articles

The "Nordics"—and the Rest..Vernon Kellogg 278
A Reparations Plan.....John Maynard Keynes 280
Leonid Andreyev's Last Illusion.....
.....Alexander Kaun 282
And she said and I said (Verse).....
.....Alfred Kreymborg 283
Wlad of the Beets.....Frances B. Williams 284
Italian Notes III.....Stark Young 286
Infancy (Verse).....Babette Deutsch 287
Rhythm (Verse).....Witter Bynner 287

Correspondence 288

More Thoughts by Straw Voters..... 289

Summer Book Supplement

The Significance of Cardinal Gibbons.....
.....A. W. Vernon 290
British Foreign Policy, 1815-1866.....
.....W. P. M. Kennedy 292
The Magic of E. M. Forster.....
.....John Middleton Murry 293
George Santayana.....John Dewey 294
The Guild of St. Luke.....Lewis Mumford 296
Melodious Steam.....James Weber Linn 297
Machen's Masterpiece.....Robert Hillyer 299
The Shining Pyramid.....A. Donald Douglas 300
An American Medley.....Bruce Bliven 301
Our Enemy—The Child.....Agnes de Lima 302
The Dance of Life.....Robert Morss Lovett 305
The Short Story as Confession..Conrad Aiken 307
McGraw, of the Giants.....Charles Merz 309

The Week

IF DOUBT REMAINED in any mind as to the purposes of French policy, the events of the past week should have dissipated it. Poincaré's negotiations with Great Britain over the German question have clearly had but one purpose: to create as much delay as possible, in the hope that Germany will go to pieces before the Baldwin government reaches the point of decisive action. This accounts for the long procrastination before answering the Curzon questionnaire, the postponed reply to the Baldwin note, and the submission of a separate reply by Belgium differing only in minor points. The week's budget of news from Germany makes it seem increasingly likely that the French plan will succeed, despite the discount which must be placed on the work of newspaper correspondents who enjoy the rôle of Cassandra and paint as dark a picture as they are able. Both the importance of the food crisis on the eve of harvest, and the danger of an immediate communist revolution seem to have been somewhat exaggerated; but it is obvious that the machinery of the Reich cannot much longer continue to operate unless Great Britain comes to the rescue in a manner and to an extent which seem to lie altogether outside the realm of probability. Count Harry Kessler, a distinguished German economist, who is lecturing at the Williamstown Institute of Politics, believes that very soon the north will go Communist and the south Monarchist. France will then engage in a war against Russia, which will engulf European civilization. No German is likely to be very optimistic nowadays; but on the other hand, there is no guarantee that Count Kessler's prophecies will not come to pass.

THE SIGNING OF THE Near East treaty, the progress of the American-Turkish negotiations, and gathering signs of a coup d'etat at Athens are the other developments of the week's foreign news. The Lausanne treaty, signed by all the powers save Jugoslavia, restores every evil aspect of the relationship between Turkey and Western Europe which we once believed had been abolished by the Great War. The treaty even failed to take up the opium question, which is of vital importance to America since Turkey and Persia furnish virtually our whole supply of the drug, both for medical and illegitimate use. Minister Grew, conducting the separate negotiations on behalf of the United States, has secured a promise of protection for the Armenians and Greeks in Turkey. Those killed in the future may have the satisfaction of knowing that their deaths occurred in contravention of an agreement. Russia, which is to sign the Straits convention, announces a boycott of Switzerland at the moment when recognition by Japan, in exchange for trading rights in Siberia, impends. The announced amount of Russian grain

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for import has suddenly leaped from 2,500,000 to 8,000,000 tons. Lord Curzon wants an international loan to Hungary, and France prepares to borrow two billion francs from her people.

THE PRESIDENT'S ILLNESS is the most sensational item of the week's domestic news. As we go to press, the physicians describe his situation as serious but not critical. Next in importance, as measured by the amount of attention in the press, is the condition of agrarian discontent in the Middle West, and the supposed new Populist movement which is rising from it. Senator La Follette now joins the ranks of those who predict a possible third party if the Republicans renominate Harding. Magnus Johnson goes farther and thinks we may have a revolution, though not on Senator Couzens's grounds, which are: beer. William Allen White, on the other hand, sees prohibition as the only possible salvation for the Republican party. Senator Brookhart reiterates his demand for a special session of Congress. Meanwhile, the price of wheat remains down and there is no reason to suppose it will go up. The farmers must be looking rather enviously at the mid-continental oil producers who, as soon as ample supply threatened a reduction in price, announced they would close down for a month.

HIRAM JOHNSON'S speech momentarily revived the flagging interest in the World Court project. Fresh from the steamer, the Senator from California evidently did not know that President Harding had put the knife to the plan for American participation, and that the scheme he assaulted so truculently had already expired. The man in the street, who yawned over Hiram's fireworks, probably read with more interest that the wives of home-brewers must go to jail in Michigan and that the Anti-Saloon League's directors believe any investigation of their financial methods is a direct assault upon the churches of America. This last would be the most entertaining item in the week's news, were it not for the information that the Ku Klux Klan is considering starting a university of its own, should the negotiations for taking over Valparaiso break down.

IN THE LAST MONTH the belief has gained currency, both within Germany and in the world outside, that the Red revolution was about due. Somehow last Sunday came to be fixed as the date of the revolution's beginning, and the German government and millions of German citizens must have sighed with profound relief as the day came to an end without serious incident. We have never been able to discover on what grounds this fear of a midsummer revolution rests. Every German knows that revolution with its consequences, invasion, disruption of communications, looting and destruction of stocks, would cost millions of German lives, among them very likely his own or those of his loved ones. Only extreme desperation could force the average man in any country to take such a risk. A complete failure of food supplies might produce the result, but such a failure does not impend on the eve of the harvests. Germany can feed herself for the next six months, and barring a fascist coup or actual warfare on the Rhine, she can hang together for a considerable time.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE NEVER given serious thought to the problems of monetary inflation naturally impute the fall of the mark to the deliberate action of the government. To destroy the value of the currency and throw all business relations into chaos was to make indemnity payments impossible. And what inconvenience would weigh with the German government against the joy of cheating the French? There are two objections to this explanation. The first is that inflation is bound to prove mortal to the German government and merely inconvenient to the French. In China there are men who think it worth while to commit suicide on their enemies' doorsteps, in order to produce a momentary sensation of disgust and horror. The Germans have not gone so far in philosophy. The other objection is that few governments have ever been strong enough to arrest the depreciation of paper money once it got started. The French Revolution was strong enough to destroy king, church and noble and to beat back the armies of all Europe, but it was not strong enough to keep its assignats from falling to zero. The American Revolution was strong enough to fight off the British army and navy and to put down a large and influential minority who remained loyal to the colonial tradition. It was not strong enough to keep its "Continental" from becoming a hissing and a byword.

BY WHAT MECHANICAL LAW does fiat money inflation, once started, maintain its fatal momentum? In the first place, inflation is always attended by currency famines, as it is in present-day Germany. There never is enough money to go round. The farmer brings his pig to market; the butcher, rich in actual wealth, needs to buy, but there is no currency in his till and the bank supply of currency is exhausted. The farmer can accept the butcher's I. O. U., or take his pig home, cursing the speculators who, rumor says, have cornered all the currency, and the government which tolerates them. In the second place inflation always embarrasses the finances of the state. Taxes are fixed today on the assumption that the present value of money will be maintained. When they come in, after several months, the value of money

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has shrunk to a half or a quarter. But the state has to meet its bills or run the risk of revolution. It has the printing press in its hands. More money, higher prices; yet more money, yet higher prices, and so on, ad infinitum.

THE FILIPINOS HAVE TAKEN the one best way to make sure that some attention will be paid to their quarrel with General Leonard Wood. The world has heard appeals for justice on the part of oppressed nationalities so often that it is tired to death of them. In every capital they are filed without being read. The Filipinos, however, have gone beyond the point of resolutions. They have announced a boycott of American goods. They are even reverting to their historic native carts and sacrificing the American automobiles they have been in the habit of buying. Here is a blow which really tells. When China began to riot against the Japanese following the imposition of the Twenty-One Demands, the Japanese merely smiled. But when the Peking University students initiated a boycott of all Japanese goods and it ran through the provinces like wildfire, Nippon was horribly upset. If the Filipinos will stick to it they have adopted the most effective way possible of calling their existence and their unhappiness to the attention of the big sleepy giant, America.

IN ALL THEIR PRONOUNCEMENTS on the eight-hour day the spokesmen of the Steel Corporation assume that the hourly production of the eight-hour worker will be exactly that of the twelve-hour worker. There are 120,000 men on the twelve-hour system. By the Corporation's simple arithmetic, 180,000 will be needed for the same output when the eight-hour day is established. The 60,000 additional men, it is argued, are not to be had without drawing upon immigration from Europe or Mexico, or upon the plantation labor of the South. The increase in cost of production is figured on the same basis. This looks to us more like publicity than like engineering. There have been very few instances in industrial history of a shortening of hours unattended by increase in hourly production. President Wellborn of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, which has adopted the eight-hour day, declares: "In every department of our steel manufacturing operations, from blast furnaces to the wire mill, our production per man-hour is now greater than under the twelve-hour shift." If the United States Steel does not find the same thing true, the stockholders ought to insist on the discharge of the present management for inefficiency.

THE GREAT AMERICAN SUPERSTITION today is that revolution lurks right around the corner, ready to fall upon us on the least occasion. Otherwise rational citizens actually believe that a few idealists, preaching the brotherhood of man, a few fanatics, preaching universal destruction, a few liberals, preaching toleration, a few feminists, preaching sex equality, may dislodge and send down hill in a mighty avalanche this huge, inert, amorphous mass, the American political and social system. The most extreme case of this sort of superstition is Senator Couzens's fear that the denial of five percent beer may lead to revolution. History has produced plenty of instances of bread riots growing into revolution. But a beer revolution, and among people endowed with a sense of humor! That is a camel we strain at.

IT IS THE MORE REMARKABLE that Senator Couzens should labor under this superstition because in most other directions he exhibits unusual common sense and intelligence. Take for example his comment on Judge Gary's plea for increased immigration. Senator Couzens would be willing to let in additional immigrants if the Steel Corporation would agree to take care of them in the next unemployment crisis. This comment contains the germ of a rational and humane immigration policy. Let our industries, first of all, accept a policy of unemployment insurance which will give a continuous living to the men they employ. In taking on additional working forces, whether domestic or alien, they will have to count on the necessity of supporting them in times of slack production. They will find a strong reason for spreading employment with fair uniformity over long periods, and will demand only so much alien labor as they have permanent use for. If such a policy were generally adopted, immigration could very well be left to take care of itself.

SENATOR WATSON HAS READ many reports on agriculture which have convinced him that European conditions have nothing to do with the prices of our farm products. We are exporting more wheat than we did before the war, yet the wheat price is down. We are exporting less cotton, yet the cotton price is up. This proves to the Senator that our farm prices are made at home and depend on our own prosperity. If Senator Watson had to be taken seriously, we should ask him why our present condition of prosperity works one way with cotton and another way with wheat. Or we should ask him what we are going to do with the two hundred million bushels of wheat we are producing this year in excess of our most prosperous consumption. Shall we export it or leave it to drag our domestic market down to the bottom? If we are to export it, what price shall we get for it except the price a miserable and impoverished Europe can pay? And if Europe can pay only a dollar a bushel, what miller in America needs to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pay more? If Europe could pay two dollars, would our millers get wheat for less, allowance made for cost of transportation? European recovery may not be a panacea for the farmer's ills. But it would count.

IF RUSSIAN CROP ESTIMATES are reliable the grain yield this year will be around a billion and a half of bushels. That is rather better than a good year's production before the war. We may discount the figure heavily, and yet have good reason for wonder. When the famine came on two years ago everybody said that the Bolsheviks were the cause of it. They had broken up the large estates and so the fields had reverted to a more primitive state of agriculture. They had robbed the peasant of all incentive to produce by destroying private property in the product. Those who blamed the weather for the failure of the grain crops were set down as Bolshevik sympathizers, if not propagandists. Very well; if the weather didn't count two years ago it doesn't count now. The colossal improvement in the grain crop must be due to improved governmental policy. It is a grave question what is to become of the international grain market if the Bolshevik government goes on improving at this rate.

THE FOLLY OF THE IRISH Republicans in carrying on warfare against the Free State becomes fully apparent, with the shifting of the Irish question back to its old anchorage—conflict between Ulster and the South. By the terms of the treaty signed at London the boundary between the two sections was to be settled by a joint commission. Now comes Ulster refusing to appoint representatives to this body or to take any part in the negotiation. Once more the British government is confronted with the alternative of coercing Ulster or breaking its agreement with the South. No one doubts which term it will choose. Thus the Republicans without striking a blow might have seen the Free State faced with the alternative of standing by a treaty which Great Britain cannot fulfill, or of repudiating it. If the Free State government chose the former it would be overwhelmingly defeated at the polls; if the latter, it would revert to the Republican position. Southern Ireland would have been united again, by the failure of London to keep its word, and Michael Collins and Ernest Childers would be among the leaders.

AN INGENIOUS MIND PRODUCED the plan to hold public hearings in every state in regard to the merits and defects of the Federal Reserve System. Throughout the Middle West in particular the feeling has been general that the Board was playing the game of the New York bankers and was quite willing to do this at the expense of any amount of suffering among the farmers. Public hearings can hardly be expected to change this; but at least, people with a grievance will be permitted to air it, and whatever can be said in rebuttal will be made public. It is not at all impossible that this effort may save the Federal Reserve Board from the danger that under the pressure of the agrarian bloc it will be used in the interest of a depreciated paper currency and the restoration of consequent high prices, which some farmers vainly imagine will cure all their ills.

"KENYA IS AFRICAN territory, the interests of the African natives must be paramount, and when the interests of immigrant races conflict the former prevail." So begins a memorandum of the British government. Coming from the greatest mandatory power in Africa it reads like the Magna Charta of that continent. Our enthusiasm is chastened, however, by the reflection that this noble principle is invoked against Indians, not whites. It applies to the Kenya district of East Africa, into which Indians have been pouring, and in which some 30,000 of them demand equality of treatment with perhaps 1,200 white immigrants. Our scepticism is increased by a further provision that the white settlers are to have eleven members of the Legislative Council, to five Indians and one Arab; also by the fact that agricultural lands in the highlands are to be reserved for white immigrants. The real issue at stake is the status of Indians as citizens of the Empire and their right to equality of treatment wherever the British flag flies. In refusing this claim it is peculiarly hypocritical to invoke the principle of the paramount interest of the natives which the British have never thought of recognizing in Rhodesia, or Uganda, or Egypt.

M. POINCARÉ HAS ONCE again shown that France leads the world in civilization by being the first to realize the usefulness of radio to political campaigners. At his urgent request, the French Cabinet last week issued a special decree establishing control of all radio broadcasting. Nothing may be transmitted through the ether except government announcements and ministerial speeches, unless it has the specific approval of the Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs. The strenuous objection of the opposition is sufficient evidence that this decree is intended to curtail the activities of all who disapprove the policy of the Bloc National.

THE WHOLE QUESTION OF censorship of radio thus raised, is an interesting one. In the United States nearly all broadcasting is done by large companies, many of which are interested in the sale of radio equipment. The officials in charge of these organizations are in most instances highly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conservative, and the lecturers chosen to inform and entertain radio devotees are as a rule apologists for the existing order. Some of them, indeed, are still talking the sort of thing which was the proudest offering of the professional patrioteer in war time. It will be interesting to see whether radio in this country will develop something comparable to an "opposition press" and if so, what steps will be taken to prevent it.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT in industry is announced by Procter and Gamble, the well-known soap manufacturers. In the future their thousands of employees in thirty American cities will be guaranteed not less than forty-eight weeks' employment at full pay, except when operation of the plants is interfered with "through fire, flood, strike or other extreme emergency," this guarantee applying only to employees who have shown their conscientiousness by participating in a company profit-sharing plan. Such a scheme, while obviously commendable, is of little importance when put into effect only by individual corporations. The stress of competition is strong enough in most lines to make general application necessary throughout the trade in order to avoid penalizing the fair-minded innovator.

THE ASSOCIATED ADVERTISING CLUBS of the World have announced they will expend $600,000 in furthering the movement for truth in advertising. Part of this amount will be devoted to securing "honest advertising" laws in the small remaining number of states which do not now possess such statutes. A heavy expenditure will be devoted to hunting down promoters of fraudulent oil and other stocks, and presumably an advertising campaign will be conducted for the purpose of assuring the public that advertising from now on will be whiter than snow.

THE ADVERTISING MEN DESERVE credit for the fight they have made against misrepresentation during the decade since their famous convention at Baltimore, a decade ago. At that convention a huge electric-lighted sign bearing the word Truth was suddenly produced upon the platform, lapel buttons with the same magic letters were hastily distributed and the assembled delegates heard, with open-jawed amazement, that henceforth respectability was to be advertising's hall mark. The motive then, as today, was primarily economic: if even one out of ten advertisers is dishonest the public is made gun-shy and fails to respond to the allurements of the honest nine. Their advertising thus becomes disproportionately expensive, or even impossible. The effort to drive out the saboteur is no more than self-protection.

America and the Next War

> Another bloody war is in the making. I would prevent it if I could; but if that bloody war is no concern of ours and comes from causes of which we are no part, I would not send a single American soldier again across the seas.—*Senator Johnson, Speech of July 25th.*

WE hope that Senator Johnson is wrong in his prognostication. He is supported, however, by an immense volume of authority. There is hardly a serious student of international affairs anywhere who does not feel grave concern over the danger of another great war within a generation to complete the work of destruction of the last. Few Americans care to give voice to their fears, because of the survival of the old superstition that to mention the devil is to bring his prompt attendance. In deference to that superstition we shall be very hypothetical in our argument. Suppose another world war came on: where would America stand?

If it were no concern of ours, Senator Johnson says, we should keep out. To be sure, if it were no concern of ours; but the last war somehow made itself our concern. If we are no part of the causes of such a war, we should keep out. We were, however, no part of the causes of the last war. We did not even know what those causes were. What did we know then, or do we know now, of the bearing of the Moroccan question on that war, of conflicting imperialist ambitions in Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, of the commercial struggle waged in every market of the world? What did we know of the manoeuvres of Edward VII, Tisza, Von Bülow, Poincaré, Sazonoff and the international strain they produced? We contented ourselves with a Mother Goose interpretation, resting on a mistranslation of Deutschland über Alles, which means precisely what we mean when we say "America first." But we got into the war, just the same.

In view of the fact that we got into the last war without being concerned in the events that led up to it, what guarantee has Senator Johnson to offer that we will keep out of the next one? Have we learned from our observation of post-war events that America cannot right the world by force of arms? The evidence of such enlightenment is scanty. Probably most Americans believe that, bad as the state of Europe is, it would have been worse had we not intervened. We could easily get it into our heads again to go crusading for what we conceived to be the right. Should we be less likely, in the next war, to find a cause of our own? There will be a far more extensive employment of airplanes and submarines in the next war than in the last; far greater disposition on the part of belligerents to invade the rights of neutrals; far more shocking instances of inhumanity to civil populations.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is no guarantee against American belligerency in any change that has come over our national sentiments, in any change in the character of warfare that would safeguard our interests while other nations fight. Indeed there are valid grounds for thinking that we should be more susceptible to the war fever than we were in 1917. Then we were very uncertain as to how creditably we should acquit ourselves in a foreign war. The current American tradition is that we proved to be as formidable fighters as there are in the world. There was much discussion in the early part of 1917 of the feasibility of conscription. Would the American people stand for it? They did. Our statesmen will not have any doubt on this point in the next war. There was at first great uncertainty as to the best method of handling anti-war opinion. The government learned that it could go as far as it liked in the way of suppression. It can do so in the next war.

On the popular side the forces making for participation in war have not weakened; on the governmental side, the power of putting the nation into war has been materially strengthened. What value, then, can we attach to Senator Johnson's promise to keep us out of the next war? As President—and he may be President when the crisis comes—he might do it. But can he guarantee even that? He abhors war, but so did Wilson. He distrusts foreign diplomats who seek to use us for their selfish purposes, but so did Wilson. We do not question Senator Johnson's sincerity; neither have we ever questioned the sincerity of Wilson. But Wilson who "kept us out of the war" finally put us in, and the promises of statesmen have lost credit with us.

There is just one way by which America can be insured against being involved in another great European war, and that is by making such a war impossible. If we see a war coming, as Senator Johnson thinks he does, we are accomplices before the fact unless we do everything in our power to prevent it. We are the authors of our own sufferings if we find ourselves involved.

What does Senator Johnson propose to do, in the fulfillment of our obligation to the world and to ourselves to prevent another war if we can? He would hold entirely aloof from any form of international association. The League and all its works, including the World Court, are of the devil, as he sees it But we should speak our own mind. If we believed that the policy of any other country jeopardized peace "there is no reason why we should not say so." He remembers "when the greatest American of his generation spoke in clarion tones and all the world listened." We regret that we have forgotten this incident. Clarion tones have been at a discount with us since the evaporation of the Fourteen Points.

There is no safety in aloofness for America. Nor is there safety in aloofness occasionally emitting words of good advice. If we desire to keep out of war we must find some more efficacious way of working for peace than Senator Johnson outlines. The League, as it still stands, is an associations of the conquerors to insure the spoils. The World Court, as it stands, can touch only the minor and remoter causes of war. These defects in the existing institutions of international peace cannot be overlooked. But does that justify us in assuming that it is impossible to effect any organization of nations powerful enough to make a nation pause before it proceeds to acts of aggression? If the World Court is an organ of the League and narrowly restricted in its jurisdiction, are we justified in assuming that it cannot be made into an organ of the world, with a jurisdiction coextensive with the field of international disputes?

The most valid criticism of existing institutions for the prevention of war is that they are not efficacious. They sprang out of war and show the defects of their origin. It is the business of a responsible statesman to show how they may be strengthened, or how stronger institutions may be put in their place. Only the politician can think that he has saved his soul by washing his hands.

The Teaching of Literature

AT the recent conference of English and American teachers of English, held at Columbia University, the subject of the teaching of literature was discussed from two points of view. Professor Root of Princeton deprecated the tendency to interweave the consideration of literature itself with so much of history, social history, biography. He illustrated the passing of the study of pure literature by regretfully pointing to Addison's papers on Paradise Lost in the Spectator as an example of an interest and a method of which the present day takes little heed. On the other hand, Professor Scudder of Wellesley made an earnest plea for the extension of the teaching of literature as a revelation of social forces and ideals, the more useful part of history.

Probably both these eminent and excellent teachers will agree that the object of the teaching of literature is to give the student a real understanding, appreciation and love of it, a sense of its value to mankind and to himself, and a discriminating taste in enjoying it. And perhaps both would agree that in its highest function literature cannot be taught. In this particular it may be compared to architecture. Both are fine and also useful arts; and it must be admitted that there is in the case of both, a tendency to emphasize the use-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ful at the expense of the beautiful, a tendency against which such arguments as Professor Root's offer timely warning. It is possible to teach the history of architecture, to trace the origin of various styles in the social needs of various peoples and ages, to add human interest from the lives of eminent architects, to lay down certain laws of construction and examine the properties of different materials. It is possible to teach students to plan structures adapted to specified uses, or critically to recognize effects which the consensus of authority pronounces true and fine. But to bring even one student to create a beautiful building, or in a personal sense to feel such beauty when created and make it a part of his experience—that is a result beyond the power of pedagogy. Similarly the teacher of literature may trace the evolution of forms in the life or schools of the past, and draw out the biographical record of the personal response to such forms on the part of those who practiced them. He will be teaching, to speak precisely, not literature but the history of literature. He may point out what has been considered best by those who have been considered the best judges, and compel a certain lip-service to the classics; or he may show by example what literature means to him and elicit by imitation the expression of a pseudo-romantic fervor. But he will not make anyone a poet or a lover of poetry.

All that teaching can accomplish toward making literature a part of life is to open the field by means of historical identification, bibliographies, literary geographies and the like, and arouse an interest which will make the phenomena of literature a subject of attention. The pedagogical problem is to stimulate this interest, to raise it to the point where contemplation becomes active and passionate. Then the teacher may feel that he has gone as far toward the teaching of literature as the pedagogic process will permit. And in thus securing attention and arousing interest, the mode of approach is of first practical importance. There was unquestionably a time when the appeal of literature to the educated reading public was that of a fine art, when the approach to literature was naturally through the sense of critical discrimination aroused by the study of laws and types, through the appreciation of the rivalry of authors within the prescribed limits of literary forms. It is obvious that this time has passed—that with the extension of the reading public to men and women more interested in life than in art the aspects of literature in which it represents personal experience or fulfils a social need, have come to be the more immediate ones.

It is possible for the teacher of literature to find confirmation for this view in the current practice of schools of divinity. The object of such schools is to promote in their pupils and through them in the world, a spiritual experience. Now it is clear that a teacher cannot accomplish this result by telling his followers that they ought to love Jesus, that they will be rewarded for doing so, or punished for not doing so, or that he loves Jesus himself. The only way to achieve it is to make Jesus an object of interest and attention which may burst into the flame of an emotional response. Formerly this interest could be excited by consideration of the theological character of Jesus, the mystery of his relation to God and man, the trinity and the atonement. In the present realistic age the immediate approach to this interest is through the consideration of the historical character of Jesus, the place of his teaching in the experience of the race, its application to the life of mankind today. The courses of what is known as systematic theology are being paralleled or replaced by those of what is called practical theology, sociology, religious education. The period of the supremacy of the theological method corresponded to what may be called the theological period of literature, of which Addison's papers on Milton are an example. It is useless to think that such a period will return. Both religion and literature must accept democratic conditions, especially the insistent demand for reality and inclusiveness. The special function of the teacher of literature is to bring his student into relation with literature, to lead him to perceive its importance enough to think about it, and feel its interest enough to care about it, to concern himself to find out what has value to him, what he likes, why he likes it, and perhaps to understand the likes of others—to be in short his own critic. The aspect in which literature presents itself to most modern minds as a serious object of contemplation is as a record of the experience of individuals and of the race. It would seem to follow that this is the aspect in which its study may be most fruitfully approached today in the vast miscellaneous audience of our high schools and colleges.

Bolshevism Safe and Sane

THE enlightened bourgeoisie, whether American or European, must regard with grave concern the progress of events in Germany. A revolutionary storm is gathering. It may blow over, or it may bring only a political revolution: much wind, a little hail, and then a freshened landscape. But nobody knows where a revolution will stop, and Germany is full of Communists, yearning for the dictatorship of the proletariat, the confiscation of property and the extermination of the bourgeoisie. The Allied bourgeoisie, to be sure, has no definite fellow-feeling for the German. But as the history of the Russian Revolution has shown, a proletarian revolution tends to spread. Prop-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erty throughout the world will be less secure if Germany goes Communist.

That is exactly what the Russian Bolsheviks are hoping for, most of us suppose. If they have not actually engineered the German crisis, still, must they not be looking on with deep complacency? According to a Moscow dispatch from Walter Duranty to the New York Times, far from egging the German Communists on, the Russian Bolsheviks are doing their best to restrain them. They look forward to a communistic revolution with deep misgivings. On this point they are safe and sane, much safer and saner than the most conservative bourgeois in the world, the French small capitalist.

It is possible, of course, that Walter Duranty has been misled as to the real opinions of the Bolsheviks. Russians love paradoxes, and the paradox of Bolshevik conservatism is seductive. Yet if we think it over we shall see that there is nothing improbable in such conservatism. The Bolshevik leaders, as all the world now knows, are exceptionally level-headed men, men who are courageous enough to subordinate logical consistency to the teachings of experience. Five years ago they thought that only a world revolution could make their hold on Russia secure. Conditions in Russia were more favorable to them than they supposed. They have grown steadily stronger and their opponents have grown weaker until today counter-revolution is a negligible danger. Their government has an excellent chance of permanence provided Russia remains at peace, and provided commercial relations with the outer world revive so that the peasant can get the industrial products he requires in exchange for his grain.

A communist revolution in Germany would be sure to endanger Russia's peace. The armies of France would be drawn into Germany from the west and Polish armies from the east, to join eventually and form a military power that could be turned against Russia with disastrous effect. As competent military strategists the Bolsheviks could not be expected to remain quiescent while such a combination of hostile forces was effected. They would have to mobilize against Poland the moment the Poles mobilized against Germany. If the Poles fight, the Russians will have to fight, too. And stronger governments than that of Soviet Russia have succumbed to the shock of war.

A German revolution would seriously retard the commercial recovery of Russia. Recently agreements have been concluded between Moscow and Berlin for the exchange of large quantities of Russian grain for German industrial products. A revolution in Germany would in effect cancel those agreements. Even if the Germans could supply industrial products in spite of the disorders of revolution, every transportation line, by land or sea, would be cut. Russia would be forced to make her trading arrangements with England and Italy, on far less favorable terms. And neither Italy nor England can meet the requirements of the Russian peasant as satisfactorily as Germany can, if she remains at peace.

The Bolsheviks are still internationalists in theory, believers in world revolution. In practice, however, they are nationalists, far more concerned in holding their Russian winnings than in extending communism to other lands. A communistic revolution in Germany would weaken their hold in Russia, at least for the time. If they oppose such a revolution, as Mr. Duranty reports, this is the real reason why they do it. But it is not a reason they could afford to state officially. They could not afford to urge the German Communists to postpone their own revolution in the interest of the Bolsheviks in Russia.

They argue, instead, that a German revolution, though started by the Communists, would be captured by the Nationalists, and that a fascist, not a communistic state, would be the outcome. They deduce this consequence from the fact that a German revolution would be directed against the French, rather than against the German capitalists. There is cogency in the argument. The fact that they advance it, however, shows how far they have improved in realism over their state of mind in 1917.

Then they believed that a communistic revolution might be successful in Germany, in spite of the Allied armies battering at the western front. They believed that the revolution was capable of leaping the trenches and setting France aflame; of crossing the Channel, and even the Atlantic. They are much wiser now. They have become sobered, safe and sane. The responsibility of working the machinery of actual government through months and years has trimmed their illusions. Whatever may be the case in another decade, when they have consolidated their power, their interest today lies on the side of European peace and order. And it is probable that they know it.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1923, IN THE U. S., BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING CO., INC., 421 WEST 21ST ST., NEW YORK.
HERBERT CROLY, PRES. ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREAS.
DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN ROBERT LITTELL
ALVIN JOHNSON PHILIP LITTELL STARK YOUNG
ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY R. H. TAWNEY
DAVID FRIDAY H. N. BRAILSFORD LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "Nordics"—and the Rest

ONCE there was an Aryan vogue. Now there is a Nordic one. The Aryans were largely the creation of the philologists. The Nordics are the children of the biologists; more specifically, the anthropologists. Being a biologist, of a kind, myself, I suppose I should look on the Nordics with confidence and pride. But so much is being claimed for them that I begin to be disturbed. I wonder if they can really live up to all the claims made for them. They are being too much compared, with the comparison running all to their advantage, with other children of the anthropologists, especially the Alpines and the Mediterraneans. We shall soon be having self-established patrician societies of Sons and Daughters of the Nordics who will be distinguished by long heads, blonde hair and skin, and a particular reverence for northern latitudes. Their slogan will be: Nothing Good South of Fifty!

The present vogue of the word "Nordics" disturbs me because I remember some other good words, standing for good ideas, which have come to grief from too much publicity and too little knowledge. Eugenics is a good word for a good idea that has suffered from being overworked by cranks and well meaning persons possessed of that little knowledge which is, proverbially, a dangerous thing. Intelligence tests and vocational guidance are good names for things with some real basis of merit, but which are in danger of getting into the comic papers because of their too many, too uninformed and too talkative would-be friends. Let the Friends of the Nordics take warning from the fate of the Friends of Eugenics. Let us not damn the Nordic idea by overpraise and extravagant claims. Even less than with eugenics must we permit sentiment to take the place of fact as regards Nordicism. If there is anything sound in the Nordic idea, this soundness must derive from scientific fact. What about the facts available to sustain the Nordic vogue?

How Much Do Races Differ?

Thirteen years ago Professor R. S. Woodworth of Columbia University, a rather unusually careful psychologist, published a paper in Science (February 4, 1910) in which he pointed out that what studies of racial differences in mental traits had been made up to that time, failed to reveal any pronounced or even any very readily definable differences of this character among the races studied. In the various special senses these differences are slight, and as to general mental capacity, as distinguished from mental culture, it is much less easy to say, with any of that confidence so often displayed by superficial observers, that fundamental racial differences of serious degree really obtain, at least among the races of Europe and those other countries from which most of our immigrants come. And it is the present pressing problem of immigration which gives us our especial interest in the Nordic idea and gives this idea its special present vogue.

There is apparent to Professor Woodworth so much overlapping of races with regard to mental traits and general capacity that he finds it hard to set up differential racial criteria on the basis of differences in such traits. More recent studies seem to confirm Professor Woodworth's general conclusions.

Racial Samples at Ellis Island

But, after all, there does seem to be fairly good evidence that some races may be declared to differ rather definitely in their average or modal mental endowment. The total range of variation in mental character may be fairly similar in two races, but one race may have a proportionally larger number of individuals below the mean of the range than the other, so that the weighted average of this race or nation may be said to be below that of another. There is more chance, then, of our receiving, through immigration, if we receive a fairly distributed sample of each race, a mentally poorer contribution from one race than another. Of course, we rarely do receive a fairly distributed sample of a given race. We almost always get a sample determined by economic or political or religious or what not other discriminatingly determining conditions. Sometimes this is a sample of the better individuals of the race; sometimes, and too often, of the poorer ones.

Here, I think, lies the crux of the immigration problem; that is, of the biological phase of this problem. It is not, probably, so much the importance of the difference in races—although there is undoubtedly something in this—as it is the difference between the samples we actually get, and the samples we would prefer to get, of any of these races. It is quite probable—I should incline to say, certain—that we could get a poorer immigration contingent at any given time from a Nordic nation than from a Mediterranean nation. In this case we ought to prefer the Mediterranean group to the Nordic group. The reverse of this is equally possible—and, under the circumstances, more probable. What we need to pay especial attention to, and attempt to prevent by proper legislation, is the danger of getting bad samples of any race. We want the best samples we can have of Nordics, Alpines or Mediterraneans alike.

There is scientific evidence to show that we have been recently getting poorer samples of all of these groups than we used to get. In the course of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

extensive psychological examinations of our army draft during the war it was possible to examine group samples not only of different European races and nations but also group samples of these races which had come to America in different years or groups of years. The results of these examinations clearly revealed a decided inferiority in average mental capacity of the recently arrived groups as compared with the groups arriving in earlier years, and this in the case of practically all the nations represented in the draft.

It may be suggested that the difference in the length of residence in the United States may account for this difference in mental capacity, an explanation flattering to our feelings of national pride, but one strenuously combatted by the competent psychologists who devised and conducted the examinations. These men believe that their tests do test strictly the inherent or native mental capacity of the subjects examined, as distinct from any acquired information, education, or general culture. And residence, short or long, in a given country, can hardly modify inherited capacity in given individuals.

It is true that these army examinations and other similar examinations of foreign-born residents in this country also indicate differences in that modal or weighted average mentality of different peoples which I have spoken of as probably existing. And these differences are plainly in favor of those northern European peoples which are roughly grouped as of Nordic race. The Nordic idea, then, is not without some basis of scientific fact. And the Nordic race, as far as it can be defined as a distinguishable race, has a strong presumption in its favor as a good race to breed into the American mixture. As to the actual inheritance behavior of its various specific racial traits, physical and mental, in racial hybridization or trait-crossings, however, we have to face further questions, questions that the scientific students of heredity must be appealed to for answer.

Sixty Years of Heredity

We have gained more scientific knowledge about heredity in the last sixty years than had been gained in all the time before. Beginning with the contributions of Francis Galton and Gregor Mendel in the 1860's, there has been a constantly increasing addition to our knowledge of the mechanism and manner of heredity, until we have reached the point where we can speak with surprising confidence concerning the fundamental manner and orderliness of biological inheritance. We know that much of this inheritance follows in an orderly way a manner discovered by Mendel's now classic experimental work on hybridizing garden peas in his quiet cloister garden in Brunn (Austria).

These hybridizations—and other later similar ones in the case of other plants and animals—produced results so definite in character and so unvarying in their repetition that a strong presumption has been created that we have at last a master-key to the secret of heredity. But—and this is highly important to keep in mind—to determine the precise inheritance behavior of any particular character or trait, physical or mental, in connection with any particular hybridization, it is necessary to make experimentally that particular hybridization or to have available the record of results, determined by careful observation, of chance hybridizations involving the particular trait whose inheritance behavior we are interested to learn.

Now we can control the hybridizing or crossmating of plants and many animals, but we cannot so control human hybridizing. So for information of the results of human crossings we have to rely on chance matings of the sort needed in order to observe and determine the inheritance behavior of particular human traits in particular human crossings. This makes slow work of studying human heredity, even though we have such a useful basis to work from as our general knowledge of the Mendelian order of inheritance.

A Comparatively New Field

Therefore when the biologist faces the many pressing questions which are hurled at him concerning the results of human mongrelization—an unfortunate term, implying from the beginning a derogatory attitude toward human hybridization—he has simply and most unsatisfactorily to answer that he knows as yet very little about this matter. He does, indeed, already know, from extended observation of the results of chance human crossings—not necessarily racial crossings—something rather definite about the inheritance behavior of a number of particular human traits both physical and mental, especially pathologic ones, as polydactyly, brachydactyly, certain types of color-blindness, night-blindness, feeble-mindedness, epilepsy, etc. But as to the good or bad general heredity results of racial crossing, involving the consideration of a host of physical and mental traits, the biologist, unless he is unusually bold, ventures to say little.

Certainly crossing per se, no more than inbreeding per se, can be held to be harmful. Plant and animal breeders use both these methods to get good results. The real danger of inbreeding is that of bringing together individuals or types which have bad traits common to the stock of both, and hence likely to be accented in their offspring. The danger in crossing is that of bringing together a type with several bad traits and a type with several good ones, the result being offspring likely to possess a mosaic of good and bad traits, perhaps, on the whole, better than the poorer parent but not so good as the better parent. Sometimes, however, such a crossing produces a result inferior even to the poorer parent; but sometimes, also, one even superior to the better parent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In human racial hybridization there is a general popular presumption, based on miscellaneous observation, against Eurasian crossings, and similarly against Negro-Caucasian crossings. But because of the social prejudice against such crossings it may be that most of them occur only between particularly poor individual representatives of the races, the bad outcome, then, resulting rather from the individual inferiority of the parents than from racial mixture.

I have observed, too casually to serve as scientific basis for conclusion, some results of racial crossings in that natural laboratory of human hybridization experiments, the Hawaiian Islands. I have been struck by the apparently excellent outcome of crossings between the Chinese and other races. I saw in a single girls' school in Honolulu the results of some twenty or more different racial combinations. Some seemed bad; some seemed good. This only means that to know really, that is, with any scientific precision, what racial crossing means, we have certainly got to do an immense amount of intensive and continued analytical observing.

We talk rather freely about racial dominance or prepotency in connection with racial crossings. But so far all we know about dominancy or prepotency in heredity is that certain particular traits —not particular individuals, or a particular sex, or particular races—are dominant in crossings. And even this dominance is only that of somatic or bodily character and not of germ plasm character. The good or bad trait, extinguished as bodily manifestation for a generation or so as a result of a crossing, may persist in the germ plasm and reappear in a later generation.

Well, this is all very unsatisfactory as a basis for estimating race values and the advantages or disadvantages likely to accrue from race crossings. But that is the very moral of this paper. We know far too little yet about these things to take, with much confidence, any very positive action about them. We need more knowledge; which can only come from more, much more, scientific study.

VERNON KELLOGG.

A Reparations Plan

THE negotiations between the governments of France and Great Britain, serious though they are in their possible consequences, are in their nature preliminary sparrings. They are concerned, not with the settlement itself, but with conditions prior to its discussion.

Whilst we are awaiting the issue of these preliminaries, it may be worth while to consider whether the elements for a settlement exist, provided the parties can be brought together to discuss it.

Germany's most recent offers mention a figure of 30 million gold marks ($7,500,000,000). Mr. Bonar Law's proposal last January was for 50 milliards plus a further problematical 17 milliards in the event of an abritral tribunal's deciding ten years hence that Germany can stand it. If an expert commission is summoned to reassess Germany's capacity, they will be unable to collect any material amount of relevant evidence which is not already available. They will probably aim, therefore, at hitting the mean of the best informed "moderate" opinions already current—which in fact range from Germany's own figure of 30 milliards up to Mr. Bonar Law's 50 milliards. If the experts decide to fix a final definitive figure, it will probably be 50 milliards at either five or six percent. Possibly they may think it better to follow Mr. Bonar Law's plan of two or rather of three stages—first a moratorium lasting from two to four years; then interest on 40 milliards (splitting, as arbitrators always do, the difference between 30 and 50); then, ten years hence, interest on a further 10 to 20 milliards if an arbitral tribunal thinks it can be done when the time comes. From the point of view of the immediate burden on Germany it makes a good deal of difference whether the annual payments are at five percent without a sinking fund or at six percent including a sinking fund. The extreme limits of the burden of such a decision will be therefore $500,000,000 per annum (40 milliards at five percent) and a maximum of $900,000,000 (60 milliards at six percent).

Whether Germany could in fact pay such sums is doubtful. I believe myself that even the smaller of the above figures will prove to exceed her capacity unless she is allowed a longer period of recuperation than is likely. But the answer to this question, which only time can give for certain, is not of the same immediate importance as the question whether the elements exist for an agreed settlement now.

Subject to certain conditions mentioned below, I feel confident that Germany, while she will not pledge herself of her own motion to pay more than the 30 milliards she has already offered, would submit to a judgment on the above lines at the hands of a body which in the eyes of the world could fairly claim to be independent and expert.

Would it satisfy the Allies? At the present time the minimum demand of France is 26 milliards and the cancellation of her interallied debts. Belgium demands 4 to 5 milliards in addition to the substantial sum she has already received in priority to the other Allies. Great Britain, it is assumed,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will demand the equivalent in annual value of what she owes America—say, 12 milliards. Probably 5 milliards would satisfy Italy if her Allied debts were forgiven. Four to five milliards would meet the claims of the minor Allies.

It appears therefore that 50 milliards plus the cancellation of the Allied debts would satisfy everyone. The above demands are so near the Spa percentages (that of France is avowedly based on them) that it would save quarreling to stick to them exactly which would lead to the following division: The British Empire 11 milliards ($2,750,000,000); France 26 milliards ($6,500,000,000); Italy 5 milliards ($1,250,000,000); Belgium 4 milliards ($1,000,000,000); other Allies 4 milliards ($1,000,000,000). Thus one reduction of the German liability to 50 milliard gold marks, five divisions of this sum according to the Spa percentages and the three cancellations of the interallied debt provide the outline of a settlement which ought to satisfy all of the Allies.

Probably the most businesslike procedure would be to agree to this general scheme right off and to refer to an arbitral tribunal—not the assessment of the capital total of the German liability, which for political reasons it may be convenient to fix at 50 milliards even though this exceeds her probable capacity to pay—but the date at which Germany must begin to pay interest on this sum and the question of allowing her temporary abatements in accordance with her developing capacity.

Germany can accept such a settlement, provided there is a tribunal in the fairness of which she can feel confidence, charged with the duty of determining the length of the moratorium and the rate at which payments are to commence thereafter. A complete moratorium for so long a period as four years followed by a régime of payments at a very high level is not the best possible arrangement. A complete moratorium for two years or even less should be sufficient provided the annual payments thereafter commence at a low figure and are allowed to increase gradually. These matters cannot be settled now by any tribunal, however expert. The only immediate step which is likely to command general approval is the fixing of 50 milliards as the figure of Germany's nominal liability. The real usefulness of an arbitral tribunal must lie in the future.

Acceptance by Germany of any scheme, however, is likely to be contingent on certain general conditions. If the Allies wish to set up in Berlin some measure of control over her finances, Germany will probably go a long way to meet such demands. But if they wish to prolong in any shape the existing extensions beyond their treaty rights of their hold over the Ruhr and the Rhineland, the position is changed. This is probably a matter on which no responsible government in Germany can afford to make any material concessions.

In undertaking a scheme of payment which is intended on both sides to be a reality, Germany submits her people and her economic life to a crushing burden. No nation, however helpless, will undertake such a thing unless in some shape it is made worth their while. A man may agree to surrender his possessions to avoid being beaten about the head. But no man will do so if he is to be beaten about the head in any case. If the occupation is to continue the Allies will already be doing their worst and Germany will have no incentive toward making the great sacrifice. If her political integrity and freedom are not to be restored to her what does she gain by undertaking to pay a sum far in excess of what the resistance in the Ruhr is now costing her? When Germany begins to pay, the suffering and distress which it will cost her people will be unbearable if they must submit as well to the indignity of dependence and oppression of other kinds. If Germany is to shoulder even a quarter part of her burden it will be necessary for her political and economic situation to be most favorable and for the courage and enterprise of her people to stand high. France has at last to make a final choice whether she wants an organized and courageous Germany, perhaps paying vast tribute, or whether she prefers a disorganized and weak Germany certainly paying nothing. If France is ready for the former alternative, some sort of economic settlement would be easy to arrange on paper as the above argument shows. But if France chooses the latter—which she may well do not because she undervalues tribute but because she suspects that tribute is impossible anyhow (that a strong Germany will not pay it and a weak Germany cannot) then no agreed settlement is worth discussing—we must each follow our own path.

The cabinets and the governments and the newspapers too are inevitably occupied with momentary situations. If we can detach ourselves from such, we are forced to acknowledge that the idea of vast continuing tribute may be for profound and permanent reasons a political impossibility even if it is not also an economic impossibility, and that British policy even in its present form, moderate and plausible though it appears is still remote from certain essential facts which M. Poincaré may have dimly grasped. The material difference between us and him lies much more in our different conceptions of the future policy of Europe and of international relationships generally, than in his expecting more cash than we do from reparations—a difference which is incompatible with the Entente but seems likely nevertheless to persist.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

London.
(By cable.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leonid Andreyev's Last Illusion

THE war was Andreyev's last and fatal illusion. The war found him in a state of physical exhaustion, mental depression and literary isolation. It wrought a notable change in his mood, causing his dimmed spirit to flare up for a time with a dazzling enthusiasm of faith in men and in ideals. Outwardly Andreyev presented the aspect of a man who had been converted for the first time in his life to a positive belief, which he expressed and championed with unreserved ardor. Inwardly he was being devoured by the poisonous worm of doubt and diffidence. The illusion burst, and with it burst also the heart of Andreyev.

On the surface Andreyev's acceptance of the war appeared complete and "normal." Though a sceptic and a misanthrope, he shared the fate of his European (and American) fellow-writers who were engulfed by the wave of patriotism. Jolted out of his social apathy by the formidable events Andreyev unreservedly dedicated his pen to what he regarded as the cause of justice and humanity. The spectacle of the greater portion of the civilized world taking up arms in the name of high principles possesses the irresistible effect of an elemental hurricane which sweeps away one's doubt and misgivings and fans one's faith in man and in ideals, however faint that faith may have become. At such a time one's analytical faculty grows blunt, one is apt to become credulous, to indulge in exaggerations, in journalistic generalities. And if this state of mind be a weakness, it is one which brings at the time such men as Anatole France nearer to the heart of humanity than those who, like Romain Rolland, preserve the strength to remain au-dessus de la mêlée. Andreyev proved to be merely human, impressionable and inconsistent. In his numerous writings of that period (hardly one of which will survive the teeth of time) he voiced the sentiment of the Russian intelligentsia who, save for the small group of Defeatists, regarded the victory over Germany as tantamount to the enthronement of freedom and equality both in Russia and in the West.

Yet how could the author of The Red Laugh, who had depicted war as "madness and horror," accept the universal slaughter? On April 13, 1918, Andreyev registered in his diary the following lines:

> . . . The poisoning of my soul began with the war. The very fact of my accepting it, that is, of my transferring it from the all-human plane to that of "fatherland" and politics, was probably due to the simple instinct of self-preservation. Otherwise the war would have remained for me only a "red laugh," and I should have inevitably and before long lost my reason. This danger of losing my reason hung over me throughout the war and at times I felt it terribly. I fought this menace by way of publicistic writings. . . . I had to live without going mad.
>
> It is curious how I, half-consciously, restrained my imagination from picturing the essence of the war. This was a very difficult task because my imagination is unrestrainable—it has been so all my life. Well-nigh independent, it subordinated both my thoughts and my will and its particular strength lay in visualizing pictures of horror, pain, suffering of the sudden and the fatal. I do not know how I managed it, but I actually succeeded in putting a bridle on my imagination and rendering it in regard to the war purely formal, almost semi-official, not going beyond governmental communiqués and newspaper rubbish.
>
> But this was only half a salvation, preventing me from sinking at once into the dusk of chaos. For alongside the upper, governmental imagination, reduced to strict semi-official confines, there worked my secret (there is such a thing) underground imagination. And while on the main floor Allied hymns were played pompously and with decorum, down in the basement something dark and terrible was going on. Thither were driven "madness and horror," and there they are abiding to this day. And from there they are sending through my whole body these deathly poisons, these dizzy head-aches, these piercing heart-aches, this yellow sluggish virus which suffuses my organism so heavily and painfully. I have captured a devil, swallowed him and he stays in me—alive!

These lines help to explain the paradox of Andreyev the doubter and denier, the perpetual prosecutor and disparager, turning vehement war propagandist. They suggest that the "virus" found a ready soil in Andreyev. His organism weakened, his spirit lustreless, he became susceptible to infectious microbes. During his active period he possessed the clear eye which could "see through" the popular nostrums, and the strong mind that rejected flimsy beliefs and thin panaceas in face of unpopularity, opposition and isolation. But by the latter part of 1914 Andreyev presented a fountain with its reservoir practically drained. His talent, however robust, had fed largely and rather extravagantly on his inner flame which was by no means inexhaustible and required fanning and nursing. The lack of response to his tragic notes, which was becoming ever more nearly general, gradually affected his energy and vitality, producing in him a sense of futility and impotence. After Samson Enchained (still unpublished), his last brilliant flash, Andreyev became artistically dumb, powerless to bring forth the ambitious ideas which had nestled in his mind awaiting the creative summons. With the atrophy of his creative faculty, that is, of the very essence of his being, began his rapid decay and disintegration, a process which Andreyev endeavored to check by desperate attempts at calling forth

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fresh illusions and clinging to them. Such an illusion was the war.

He greeted the war as a tragic meteor in our drab modernity. In the years immediately preceding the war the Russian public wallowed in complacent prosperity, and it resented the ever tragic notes of Cassandra-Andreyev. Even the Moscow Art Theatre had not the temerity to add to their repertoire Andreyev's new plays for fear of his "cruel reputation." On September 1, 1914, Andreyev wrote to his friend, Nemirovich-Danchenko, director of that theatre, a letter full of hilarious expectations. Among other things he said:

> As yet I do not know whether I am right or mistaken, but it seems to me that things are coming my way. I have in mind *tragedy*, which is inevitably destined to revive. Regard the sweeping gesture of the events, observe the grandiose pose of the nations, hear the pathetic declamation of the cannon!
>
> Small, intimate, local drama, with its parochial morality and parochial philosophy, the purely native drama—of what use is it now? For whom?
>
> . . . Aside from anything else, the war makes my heart rejoice because of the resurrection of the tragic in our literature in which I may find my own revival. The last five years have been so depressing for me because my feeling of life's tragicness collided daily with the triumphant dramatization of life. My scale of a hundred miles to the inch appeared unsuitable for the short pedestrian paths, loop-holes and mole-holes, and with every day I felt myself to be more and more superfluous. . . .

As the war advanced Andreyev learned that the catastrophic and bombastic are less contributory to the creative receptivity of the human mind than "die stillsten Stunden." Less than ever was the public willing to listen to unflattering truths, and the reign of blatant mediocrity was more triumphant than ever. Yet for Andreyev to visualize the true aspect of the war at that juncture would have meant to burn the last bridge and to plunge into chaos. He made desperate efforts to flee from himself, to screen his sharp vision. In the year 1916 he accepted the position of literary editor on a Petrograd daily of large means but of a dubious reputation. "My main purpose is," he wrote to an intimate friend, "to become intoxicated with work and to escape from the cursed reality, at least for a time." This refuge proved deadly. The exacting work ruined his health and extinguished the last flashes of his talent in journalistic drudgery. He suffocated in the atmosphere of the editorial room, in the uncongenial company of clever scribblers, manufacturers and poisoners of public opinion. In place of finding an escape, Andreyev came in that milieu face to face with the modern Moloch in all its hideous monstrosity. His letters of that period have the whimpering note of a sick child tormented by captors. From his stifling office, from the fog and slush of autumnal Petrograd, he longed for romantic distances, he "craved devilishly for the South, for the tropics, for palms and darkness, for air and light." "I yearn for South, South, South—passionately, unutterably," he wrote in November 1916, "yet the South is so far away! To think that I shall never find myself in Los Angeles, whence I once received a graceful letter from a Spanish lady. Los Angeles! Brazil, Cuba, Jamaica, Porto Rico, Ceylon, Java. . . ."

The fire of the war, which was to purge mankind and lift it to the heights of tragedy, proved a will-o'-the-wisp. Yet so vital was this belief for Andreyev, so desperately did he cling to this last illusion of his, that he sought to harness the revolution of 1917 to the war chariot, to ennoble the slaughter by the banner of New Russia. The disruption of the Russian army and the victory of the Bolsheviki swept away his house of cards, and hurled him into that black despair, of which his Satan's Diary was but a feeble and impotent reflection.

ALEXANDER KAUN.

And she said and I said—

She lost her sons in the war,
and her husband died of grief;
but she goes on,
building fires in fire-places,
airing out rooms,
tidying tables,
smiling straight smiles,
for boarders in Bloomsbury.
She once said—
watching me writing something—
you seem happy, sir?—
and I paused
and I said—
looking at what she had done—
seeing her even in crevices—
yes—
and she smiled another straight smile.
And she said—
it must be grand writing things?—
and said still more with her eyes—
and I said—
looking at what I was doing—
running my eye down the column—
running it up again—
finding too little of her—
and much too much of me—
no.
She seemed puzzled—
paused—
ventured—
but it's fun, isn't it?—
it looks like fun?—
and I said—
telling a lie somehow—
telling a bit of a lie—
this once, perhaps,
yes, this once.
You'll excuse me disturbing you, sir—
she said with a crooked smile—
and closed the door so quietly—
I thought she was still in the room.

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wlad of the Beets

WLAD is pretty much a man of the world, so his experience ought to count for something. Of course he is only eleven now—but what difference does that make in a land where children are not prevented from getting an active start in business because of the mere handicap of youth? Wlad has had five good years in American agriculture, for he was not quite six when he came over with his parents from Poland. Wlad is only an incident in the Czylowitz family; there are eight or nine others—it is sometimes hard to keep track of them.

It was late winter when the Czylowitzes arrived in America. They used the money that was left from their steerage passage to take them straight to Detroit—for Wlad's mother had a cousin there. They had been in Detroit only a few days when Wlad's father received a very flattering offer from a gentleman who spoke Polish and was extremely kind to all the newcomers. This gentleman offered to take the whole Czylowitz family out on a nice farm in Michigan for the summer. He'd pay their carfare there and back; he'd supply them with a home and water and firewood and a place to grow vegetables—and in return Mr. and Mrs. Czylowitz would work on this nice farm, where they were to grow beets for the sugar company; and the children would help out, too—it would be so good for them to have the healthful exercise out in the pure air—just like play. How many children were there? Nine? All the better! The country was a great place for large families.

Wlad's father was immensely pleased with this. Hadn't he said all along that America was the land of promise—even when his wife had shown signs of wavering at making the plunge into the new country? Of course he signed the contract that the gentleman showed him—the contract that promised him home and carfare and other fine things besides good pay—eighteen dollars for every acre of beets that the Czylowitz family took care of. He was sorry that the children were going to miss the chance to get started in the American schools this spring—but then the life in the country would be so good for them, and it would be time enough for schooling when they came back to the city in the fall with lots of money saved up.

The Czylowitzes were taken to the sugar beet growing district of Michigan the first week in April. They were rather disappointed when they found that their home was to be a two-room wooden shack that had been used as a cow-stable until a few seasons before. Still, by dividing the rooms up carefully they managed to make space for all eleven to sleep, and leave a little room for cooking. When they went to get water for their first supper, they discovered that their water supply was half a mile away—but, as the field boss explained, "with so many children to take turns carrying it, it wouldn't be very much work for any one of them." Half a dozen boughs of blown-down trees were lying outside the door. These constituted the "free fuel."

Wlad was six years old that summer (this was in 1917) and a man of six is quite old enough to be a big help in the beet fields. Of course Wlad's mother was much too valuable a worker to be allowed to stay at home except to cook the meals, so his younger sister, who was four, was the housekeeper for the family. That means that she took care of the year-old baby and the two year-old brother, and did whatever cleaning-up there was done. There was to be another baby in October, but that oughtn't to keep Mrs. Czylowitz out of the beets for more than a couple of weeks. After that she could keep the baby near her out in the fields.

The first stage in Wlad's American education was known as "thinning." Each beet contains a number of smaller seeds which germinate and come up very close together so that they form almost a solid row. The superfluous plants must be removed by hand. The first part of this removing process, the "blocking," consists in cutting off the roots of the plants below the surface of the ground with a seven-inch hoe, leaving the plants standing in tufts or bunches from eight to ten inches apart.

Wlad was too young that summer to help with this work, so he and his next older sister crawled along the rows after the blockers. They had old bags tied around their knees to prevent them from being scratched and irritated by the rough plowed ground. Wlad's job was to pull up the weaker plants and the weeds with one hand while with the other he grasped the best plant in the bunch and held down the earth around it so that it would not be uprooted. Of course, this kept him constantly bending or crawling, but, as the field boss said, "It's not hard for the little kid to do that; he's so close to the ground already."

During the first week or so of thinning, Wlad brought down frequent scoldings upon his head because he had a tendency to pull out the biggest plants in the bunch and leave the poorer ones to grow. These costly errors may possibly be explained on the ground that this was his first job despite the fact that he was already six years old.

In June and July when the beets had to be weeded and hoed the Czylowitzes had good long stretches of daylight to spend in the open air. They

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have breakfast at four o'clock and go right to the fields and often the mother would make lunch for the little sister to bring to them right at their work. By eight or nine o'clock they were usually ready to stop for dinner. They got so that they welcomed the rainy days, which at least obliterated the constant burning sunshine.

The Czylowitzes were already in debt at the country store where they had to buy all their food, for the space which had been promised for the kitchen garden turned out to be nothing but a few feet of rocky hill, impossible of cultivation.

It was when the "pulling and topping" began, late in October, that Wlad found working with the beets truly exciting. It was exciting to see how many tons of beets you could pull before you dropped over from sheer exhaustion. Wlad wasn't tall enough to straddle the row when he was pulling as his father did—but then of course he "didn't have so far to lean over." The beets weighed from two to nine pounds apiece, so Wlad had a lot of good exercise that summer.

But the most exciting part of it all was the topping, when you picked up each beet by spearing it with the hook on the end of the great big knife you carried and then, resting the beet across your knee, topped it by chopping off its crown just at the base of the last leaf. The knife you used was a formidable weapon such as any small boy would be proud to have as a plaything. It was fifteen inches long—almost big enough to look like a sword alongside a boy of six.

Wlad still has good reason to remember his first season of topping the beets—two shortened fingers on his left hand will always bear testimony to the valiant efforts of a six-year-old. A cold day, numb hands, a beet that was eight inches thick and a chopping stroke that was deflected an inch or so to the left tell the story of an instant's happening that made Wlad useless as a topper for the rest of the season.

A working man of six in his first industrial accident! But there is no workmen's compensation on the beet farms.

Perhaps it was just as lucky that Wlad was brought in from the fields just at this time though, because Mrs. Czylowitz had just given birth to the youngest Czylowitz and there was much that Wlad, even with his bandaged hand, could do to help about the shanty. His mother had been working in the beets the day before the baby was born.

School had started now in the little schoolhouse a mile away but Wlad's parents figured there was no use in letting any of the children attend, because they'd have to be moving back to the city anyway as soon as school got fairly started and their work was worth good money at home.

When, sometime after Thanksgiving, the Czylowitzes left the beets and went back to Detroit it was too late in the year for Wlad's father to get any good employment. City employers did not like to hire men who worked in the beets. Luckily perhaps, this turned out to be a "white winter," and he was kept busy almost constantly for three and a half months shovelling snow for the city.

The same state laws which had given the little Czylowitzes the privilege of doing such healthy work in the open air of the beet-fields, now prohibited them from working in the factories of the city. And Wlad's father thought he saw the chance to give them the education he coveted for them. "They can go to school now till it's time to go back to the beets in the spring," he thought. (Despite the hardships of the last year's experience it never occurred to him not to return to the beets the next summer. One season's work had already stamped him as a "beet-hunky;" this was now the only profession America offered him.)

School for the Czylowitz children was a constant effort at "catching up" and a constant failure to do so. The other children had already been having classes for three months when the Czylowitzes came in fresh from the beet-fields and still visibly bearing the "old country" stamp—for possibly beet-farming is not the best means of Americanization. Education proved from the start a losing struggle and in March, when Wlad's oldest sister reached her sixteenth birthday, she gave up the fight and went into a factory. She received better pay there than her share of the family's earnings in the beet-fields, so when April came she remained in Detroit to board while the rest of the family went back to the country and its beets.

But all of that happened five or six years ago. Wlad is now a veteran beet-laborer of eleven—almost twelve. In fact he would be beginning to feel almost super-annuated if he could realize that already he is beyond the average age of the thousands of child beet-workers in Michigan. But Wlad cannot realize this, for his horizon is bounded by the few acres of beets that occupy all his hours. Strange as it may seem, Wlad possesses not a vestige of a social conscience. He and his family are interested not at all in the problems of the sugar beet industy in Michigan; they are interested only in making enough money from the beets in summer to see them through the following winter.

Ever since Wlad arrived in America he has spent seven months of each year down in the Michigan sugar beet-fields. In between times he has gone to school in Detroit. He is now in the second grade and the teacher, who finds it annoying to have to bother with a boy who is so far behind his grade, looks forward to the spring, when she will be rid of him again. The hours Wlad spends in school are agony for him, for he is immensely sensitive about his size and his backwardness, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though he is anxious to learn he doesn't like to have to learn "along with a lot of little brats half his size." So Wlad joins the teacher in looking forward to spring with its labor in the beet-fields. He doesn't mind it much now anyway, for he's used to the one big ache in his back and the burning in his knees and he's long since ceased to mind the twitchings in those left-hand fingers that have no tips.

Last summer when someone asked Wlad what he was going to do when he grew up he looked perfectly blank. The future was something that had never seemed worth while to plan. It couldn't mean anything but more work, which would take care of itself when the time came. The only plan he has is that he'll go to work in a factory as soon as he's sixteen. That ought to be lots more fun than the beets. Wlad has never read a newspaper, so he doesn't know of any world outside of beet-fields and Detroit.

So we leave Wlad now: a veteran worker of eleven; a normally bright boy who will enter only the third grade in school next year; a stoop-shouldered miniature man who does not know how to play; a boy who would be lonely now if he had ever tasted the wealth of companionship, of books, of recreation, of ambition.

Yet Wlad is not a lonely figure. There are thousands of others like him in Michigan.

FRANCES B. WILLIAMS.

Italian Notes

III.

THE CONQUEROR

TIME after time this month in Italy destiny has brought Mr. B. G. T. X—, he always writes the three initials in hotel registers—and me together. He is a man interesting enough looking to make you turn to observe him the second time, though uninteresting when you do. The expression of his face, if somewhat diminished and thin-slit, is aloof and lofty. His eyes are thoughtful and vague and one might take him for a studious man, which he is not; his shoulders stoop modestly. His clothes are in the style of an English gentleman, attractively easy and comfortable, his brogue shoes twice too big for him. His manner is at the same time bold and quiet, secure and underposed. He has spent a number of his vacations, he tells me—from what profession I never heard—in Italy; quite enough of them to imply in him a love of art or of wandering in fine places. But this it by no means seems to do; Mr. X—'s course in Italy so far as I saw it took another turn.

He begins at the beginning, no in medias res for him. Coming into Italian towns is often a happy thing, little farms drifting into groups, courtyards with the family about its work, and then suddenly an ancient wall, bell towers over it, and an old gate. The people meanwhile lift down their boxes and bags, put covers on the bird-cages, shake out themselves, take their bouquets of flowers from the racks, and lean out for the sight of friends. Mr. X— is already busy with his guide-books and lists, though he has his course already charted. He glances once at these Italians and once out of the window to see what sort of arrival the train is making, then he returns to the hotels. What hotels have lifts? In the smaller town at what hotels is English spoken?—for Mr. X— has never troubled to learn any Italian save half a dozen phrases, which he rules so arbitrarily that nobody understands them; in fact I have heard him say that these people are so stupid they cannot understand their own language. What hotels are in a noisy part, what in a quiet? one must have quiet. And finally what hotels are frequented by the English? Shall we try to get a clean carriage, he says? In sum, Mr. X— sets his force against the town's.

Mr. X— goes always first to the hotel frequented by the English. That would be better than the others or we should not go there, he says. And there will not be so many Italian messes to eat and the service will be good. Everyone knows of course that of the hotels in Italy that the English have long frequented one thing may be said in general: the rooms are better and the food is worse. Look for instance at Taormina, he tells me on the train—though I see perfectly that the gentleman across understands English—if I see what he means, at Taormina, and what the English residents have done there: stopped begging, cleaned up the streets, instilled less vice into the natives and made it possible to get tea everywhere, and how much quieter it is. Everyone knows of course that there is indeed more tea now in Taormina, if you want tea in that climate of orange trees and grapes and young almonds; there is Fellow's Hypophosphites, too, to be had, and Burroughs, Welcome and Co.'s bicarbonate of soda and Atkinson's bath soap. But the sunburnt natives have toned down till they rise from their doorsteps and greet you as you pass like tenants on an estate; and they have given up most of their singing, that bawling out of their damned throats that Ruskin speaks of, in order that the Inglesi may be quiet; though of course it is true enough that one looks more respectable and perhaps less vicious bowing in a doorstep than sitting in the flickering shadow of oleander leaves in some café with a bottle and a mandolin. Something of this I have tried to say to Mr. X—; but he only looks at me as if I needed, mind and body, a bath.

At the hotel Mr. X— has questions first to ask. Are meals served in the house? He must have a room with plenty of windows and good ventilation. There must be a bath. Could he see the rooms?—always plural with him though he took only one. And then at the table the head waiter must come. Mr. X— must have the eggs brought to a boil only and not too fast. He could eat nothing fried. Was the water good? Where in town could tea be had, he liked to see the town as well as the hotel?

To all this the Italians gave way. Business is business

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and there is also a question of politeness, you see. If, they consider, the gentleman felt so seriously about the time of the egg on the fire and if he resented so much the cheese in the spinach or the meat roasted with a hint of garlic and a rosemary stuffing, we can arrange. It is not a passionate affair with them, life is not entirely a matter of these things. Nobody would like to spoil the universe for this gentleman. And so the change follows Mr. X—'s demands and strong wishes; and so he and his kind affect the state of the things in their path.

For the Italians with their light shoulders and their practical clear minds, all this may be easy. But after all one hankers for some sequence at least in all matters; things in general ought to work and to make sense. From all this particularity about cooking, hotels, air and water in Mr. X— it ought to follow somehow that he has the finest of tastes and organisms. Staying in the hotel and fussing hours about the sun in your room, when there is so much to see in the town, ought to mean that one has for light and feeling and color the most exquisite response. It ought to mean that cleanliness and freshness and the chaste beauty of water and gardens was one's last dream and happiness. As a matter of fact nothing of the kind could be said of Mr. X—. For all his mania over comfort he was neither lazy nor luxurious. He bathed but his nails and ears and his linen were often far from clean. He liked his special kind of food but when he got it he could eat a poor quality and an endless monotony of it as well. He had a bad eye for color, about on the level of red flannel and green meadows; and he liked the anecdotal in painting. No, when all was said Mr. X— was particular rather than exquisite. He had not the sense of quality in what he got; what he had was a firm conviction of what he wanted. He was individualized, stubbornly, not subtly. He was definite rather than discerning. He hammered on a thing more than analyzed it. He had not discrimination so much as habit and special detail. But why with all this should he come to Italy? I used to wonder about all that. There must have been many reasons, some no doubt beautiful, but the main one of them I discovered one day in Siena, the last time in fact that I saw Mr. X—.

I ran on Mr. X— in the Via Ricasoli. He was poking about looking for a tea room, since it was already, as he said, nearly five. I led him to Mosca's. We sat down and ordered tea, and Mr. X— in a brave, bantering fashion began to tell me his adventures in Siena. First getting the beastly early train from Assisi. Then you go puffing up the hill, do you see, and first to the hotel in Via Cittá. But they hadn't got any rooms free except one on the court, a stuffy place with no air in it at all. There were rooms at another hotel but the dinning-room was closed for repairs, and he must of course have meals in the house. At last he had found accommodations in a pension, a clean enough place, and they had promised to give him a tub in the morning, though they had to fetch the water in a sort of copper jug, a jolly lot of work that would be. After lunch he had walked about a bit, rather jolly old place, this. He was to be here two days. Was there a good train to Florence, no beastly changes?

Two days in Siena, with its distinction and unique completeness in the world and Duccio's painting, and half of these two days taken up with finding ventilated rooms, food in the house, a bath, tea!

After our tea we smoked a cigarette and Mr. X— somehow or other got to talking about his family. His father and grandfather he said, had been in India; his father had been a judge there, his grandfather, who was a hardy fellow and had gone out early, had been the organizer of a business in silk-buying through the provinces. Mr. X— spoke of the struggles they had undergone. How through thick and thin they had stuck by the Empire in India. They had ruled the natives with a rod of iron and had helped put civilization where chaos had been. In fact the Queen for his service to England had conferred on one of them a medal—which from Mr. X—'s description must have looked like the back of a family album in bronze—and had sent him a letter. Mr. X—'s eyes burnt with pride and satisfaction as he told of these strong men.

Meanwhile on me the light dawned, the explanation of Mr. X— in Italy. He belonged to a great conquering and colonizing race. The spirit survived in him. It might be jam and eggs and ventilation but the spirit, however little he recognized its working in him, was there. He would civilize the tribes of Romagna, Veneto and Umbria, and take up the white man's burden in Tuscan hotels.

STARK YOUNG.

Infancy

A world of noises, lights and shapes
That the stunned sense can never hold,—
Of chasmed terrors, soft escapes;
Of honeyed warmth, of panic cold.

A world of utter dazzle, poured
Like sun to bask in without words;
A world accepted and ignored
Like scattered dust by bathing birds.

A world that alters and comes near,
Comes close as the small beating fists
That try to clutch the things they fear
And touch with wonder their own wrists.

A world that changes and recedes
Beyond the reach of any cry,—
The world that fools the while it feeds
An infant's grave expectancy.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

Rhythm

A nature that takes and never gives
Really dies before it lives;
A nature that gives and never takes
Dreams a while before it wakes.

Therefore let the dreamer rouse
And learn a lesson from the cows
That eat their fill the livelong day,
The better to give their milk away.

Therefore let the corpse be quick:
It's rhythm, not arithmetic.
A poplar drops its treasure-trove,
The sooner to become a grove.

WITTER BYNNER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Wisconsin at the Farmer-Labor Convention

SIR: May I explain why Wisconsin went to the Farmer-Labor conference at Chicago? We do not want a new party except in the field of national politics. As to progressive reforms which may be accomplished by state action, our primary laws allow Liberals to function in this state through the progressive wing of the Republican party.

We went to Chicago because we are looking for a refuge in the presidential campaign of next year. We do not want to stultify ourselves by voting for President Harding for a second term, nor for any candidate whom the Democrats seem likely to nominate. We hoped that the Farmer-Labor party organized in 1920 might attach to itself an additional support from organized farmers and organized workers, and adopt a platform which would appeal to that large constituency which will be represented in the next Congress by about fifteen senators, and thirty-four representatives, commonly spoken of as the Farmer-Labor group, and of which Senator La Follette is leader.

So we sent to Chicago a delegation of thirty representative Progressives which included Lieutenant-Governor Comings, our secretary of state and two congressmen. Of course it was preposterous for us to be expected to make a fusion with the Communists of the Workers party and the Proletarian party, and particularly a fusion in which they dominated.

But the success of Magnus Johnson in Minnesota will inevitably give renewed impetus for a demand for a Farmer-Labor party, and to avoid confusion in the future I suggest that the original Farmer-Labor party which conducted a decent, although not extensive campaign, with Christianson as its candidate in 1920, shall hereafter call itself the American Farmer-Labor party, leaving the Federated Farmer-Labor party to be known as the Russian Farmer-Labor party, or the Farmer-Labor party of the Third Internationale.

The Minnesota election also goes to show that the organized farmers and workers of Wisconsin have in the past made a serious error in not selecting more candidates for office from among their own ranks, a mistake which we are seeking to correct by making Lieutenant-Governor Comings (a real working farmer) our candidate for governor in the next Republican primary election.

CHESTER C. PLATT,
State Manager.
Wisconsin Nonpartisan League,
Madison, Wisconsin.

Heredity among Negroes

SIR: Mr. Post asks me: "If Negro children are superior to white children up to the fifth or sixth year . . . by what process of reasoning, or from what acquisition of scientific data, is it to be inferred that their subsequent deterioration is due mainly to heredity and not to environmental influences?" I reply, first, by admitting that my interpretation of the facts cannot be conclusively proved to be the true one. The same admission has to be made in respect of a multitude of peculiarities which biologists commonly attribute to heredity. Thus the bodily growth of girls is more rapid than that of boys about the age of fourteen years, and this in the light of all relevant facts is commonly attributed to heredity. But if anyone should choose to assert that it is due to the practice of wearing skirts or letting the hair grow long it would be difficult to force him to change his opinion. Probably the only effective prescription would be that he should spend ten or twelve years in making himself a biologist. Still it is true that Mr. Post asks a fair question in good faith and I must try to make a brief reply though I cannot hope that it will carry much weight with him. The fact that Negro children show themselves superior to white children (in respect to certain tests) up to the age of five or six years points strongly to heredity as the determining factor of this superiority; for I suppose it will not be claimed that up to this age the environment of the Negroes is superior to that of the whites. In fact the contrary would, I suppose, be generally admitted as highly probable, namely that up to school age the environment of the whites is better than that of the Negroes. Yet shortly after the environmental influences promoting mental development have been made more nearly equal by the entrance of the children of both groups into the schools, the status of the Negro children steadily declines relatively to that of the white children. That is to say, the status of the Negroes declines relatively (in the particular respect in question) in spite of relative improvement of their environment. I must admit that Mr. Post alleges the environmental factor which may possibly account for the change, namely that the Negro from his fifth or sixth year, is made increasingly conscious of his supposed inferiority. I believe that this may be an important adverse influence on some, perhaps many, young Negroes of intellectual ambitions. But it seems to me highly improbable that it can account for the relative falling off of the mass of young Negro children. I cannot attempt in a few lines to justify that opinion. I can only claim for it a certain weight; just as Mr. Post might claim, as against a layman, a certain weight for his opinion on legal or economic questions in virtue of the fact that he has spent his life making himself an expert in those fields.

W. MCDOUGALL.
Harvard College.

One Bamboozling Is Enough

SIR: I cannot agree with the conclusion which Mr. Lippmann makes in his article, Mr. Kahn Would Like to Know, in the July 4th issue of the New Republic, that the United States should join the League of Nations.

Mr. Lippmann refers to the false hopes which had to be written off, the League's mistakes and its impotence, and concedes that the fifty sovereign nations now members of the League "have agreed to some things they do not mean, have done things they promised not to do, and have left almost everything undone we may wish they had done." What does he think of the latest developments in regard to the administration of the Saar Valley? I refer to the fact that it took an interpolation by the British Parliament to start the ball rolling after the League had failed to take cognizance of the conditions of its own free will. I also have in mind the secrecy of the League's proceedings and the whitewash so generously applied. It is easy enough to understand Mr. Lippmann's attitude: it is hard for a father to admit that his child is such a complete failure that nothing can be expected of it. If President Wilson could not carry his point in Versailles, why should we assume that an American representative in the Council of the League would be more successful, especially in view of the general apathy existing here towards all European questions? To be "bamboozled" once is enough. Is it not infinitely better that the United States stay out of the League and thus retain its full liberty of action and freedom of intervention in such manner as it deems best, if ever for economic, humanitarian or other reasons, public opinion should demand such action?

R. SCHNUR.

Can Evolution Be Proved?

SIR: Professor Vernon Kellogg, in his article Where Evolution Stands Today, is in error when he says that the anti-evolutionists are asking for the "causes" of evolution. No; they are asking for the proof. For example, they ask for just one clear case of spontaneous generation.

No one has ever seen non-living matter evolving into living matter. On the contrary, Professor L. L. Woodruff, of Yale University, in a recent book declares "that matter does not assume the living state, at the present time at least, except under the direct influence of pre-existing living matter." Dr. E. B. Wilson, one of our greatest biologists, states that "the study of the cell has, on the whole, seemed to widen rather than to narrow the enormous gap that separates even the lowest form of life from the inorganic world." The law of biogenesis holds the field today among scientists. Then evolution is not proved at that point.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Likewise clear proof of the transmutation of species by means of resident forces is wanted. We do not ask for causes, just for facts. All about us we see species reproducing "after their kind;" but whether one species ever evolves into another—that is the crux. To place all the various forms of life from the lowest to the highest on a graduated scale does not prove evolution. And why? Because every species in the scale procreates only "after its kind."

The striking parellelisms between man's body and the bodies of the animals may simply prove that all of them had the same wise Creator, who formed man to fit into his natural environment.

LEANDER S. KEYSER.

Springfield, Ohio.

A League to Help Immigrants

SIR: May I have the privilege of your columns to bring to the attention of your readers the existence of an organization, which, though not well known, is rendering a highly useful service? I refer to the Naturalization Aid League, whose headquarters are at 175 East Broadway, New York City.

The League has been in existence over fifteen years. It is maintained by progressive labor and fraternal bodies and such institutions as the Jewish Daily Forward and the Workmen's Circle. It has throughout that period served the needs of tens of thousands of aliens. Its service is rendered free of charge; it is non-political. From time to time it conducts publicity campaigns for naturalization, thereby not only meeting the demand for assistance but actually helping to create such demand.

The need for such organization among the foreign-born is real. The average worker lacks the time and information involved in making out the applications, in their filing, in looking up records of arrivals. An organization such as ours, freely and gladly extending its hand of cooperation without political questioning or financial remuneration, is filling a definite need and contributing a useful service to the community.

H. J. FRUCHTER,
Manager, Naturalization Aid League.

New York City.

The Coal River Collieries

SIR: I should like to correct an impression which seems to be quite prevalent throughout the country concerning the ownership of the Coal River Collieries, where there was a labor dispute recently. The Coal River Collieries are owned, not by the Brotherhood organization itself but by individual members of the Brotherhood. It happens that Mr. Stone, who is the Grand Chief of this organization is also Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Collieries, but the latter position has no official connection with his status as head of the Engineers Brotherhood.

MARY TAYLOR.

Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Journal,
Cleveland, Ohio.

For Value Received

SIR: In the controversy with reference to the true valuation of railroads for rate fixing and possible conversion to government ownership, one point is seldom mentioned. I call attention to the fact that vast quantities of the real estate upon which the railroads claim valuation based on surrounding property came into their possession by actual gift from the people as inducement to pioneer effort in development of new territory. The United States Supreme Court's reports and the reports of other federal and state tribunals contain records of litigation covering hundreds of thousands of acres of land thus given to various railroad corporations outright, and doubtless there are many other such grants which have never been in court. Nor were such lands given for railroad purposes only. They were granted to railroad companies with lavish hand in order that these companies might sell portions cheaply to settlers and thereby build up values for the lands then withheld from market. Surely, the unearned increment of such free gifts is sufficient profit, without taxing the givers to produce a set percentage of income on the unearned increment of such idle lands.

Council Bluffs, Iowa. HATTIE T. HARL.

More Thoughts by Straw Voters

"The Old Order Is Doomed"

SIR: The League must be taken out of the old political grab-bag and be animated by a spirit of world order determined by a League of Peoples, not of governments. As General Smuts has said: "The old order is doomed or dying all about us. It must die within us." It is for us to create an open-minded attitude toward the social injustice, the industrial exploitation, the race prejudice, the imperialistic conquests and the militaristic coercion under which the world is now suffering.

Los Angeles, California. J. E. G.

No Change since 1860

SIR: I favor McAdoo, but I might vote for Ford for the sake of a *change*, which we have not had since the election of Lincoln in 1860.

J. A. W.

Bloomington, Indiana.

When the Donkey Walks with the Elephant

SIR: A coalition of the two old parties as the standpatters, and a new one having as its goal the democratization of the industries of the nation would be wholesome.

W. B. J.

Memphis, Tennessee.

Hiram Johnson and the Walnut Tariff

SIR: I favor Ford because he is a business man pure and simple. Hiram Johnson is the idol of a good many Californians; but he spent half his time during the last session fighting for a tariff on walnuts and a few other California products, and to the injury of the whole American people. With Ford, we should for once have a business administration. One thing is positive: he cannot be bought.

W. E.

San Francisco, California.

Harding Is Making Good

SIR: I consider Mr. Harding is "making good" as President. He was not my choice as a nominee, but I feel he is proving himself what every President should be: a servant of the people, carrying out its will as rapidly as it is expressed. He is in no sense a dictator, and our country does not need any.

Richmond, Michigan. G. H. C.

Why Not Sublet ?

SIR: Government operation means incompetence, wastefulness, and politics. I wish the government would sublet the contract for running itself to a high class business man.

A. L. W.

New York City.

Rome and America: A Warning

SIR: Mr. Wells in his Outline suggests that the fall of the Roman Empire was due to its faulty electoral system. If the American experiment in democracy wishes to avoid failure it must change its system of representation from Congressmen down to County Commissioners. Until the legislative bodies are made truly representative, liberalism will continue a failure. If liberals want a real issue, let them agitate a thorough reform in this field.

A. S. B.

Washington, D. C.

Put Not Your Trust in Politicians

SIR: I enclose my ballot the way I vote, with the same feeling of futility. In the long run I believe it makes very little difference who holds office. The people will never solve their economic problems through the politicians. They must realize this and devise their own solution through understanding.

Brooklyn, New York. B. C. H.

All Together, Liberals!

SIR: It is an excellent idea to let liberalism speak for itself in this way. Gifford Pinchot is the kind of man I would like to vote for on a third party ticket. Would it not be possible to form a liberal voting bloc with definite aims similar to the agricultural bloc in the Senate? If such a bloc, with staying power and ability to look ahead, were not strong enough to create a third party, it could at least mass its strength in favor of the least objectionable of the old line party candidates. We disintegrate too quickly once we have failed to gain our immediate objective.

T. F. D.

San Rafael, California.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New
REPUBLIC
Summer Book Supplement

The Significance of Cardinal Gibbons

Life of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, by Allen Sinclair Will. Two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $10.

OCCASIONALLY one meets a woman of wealth who throws off her riches as though they were waves of a friendly ocean and comes up smiling at you, ready for a real adventure. As rare and unforgettable it is to find a man pushing his way through billows of fame, shaking off the foam of praise from his shoulders and cheerfully hewing his way onwards. That is the charm of Gibbons. A President, Ex-Presidents, Senators, Representatives, Ambassadors of Pope and of Britain, Bishops, Supreme Court Justices, all assemble to do him reverence and he pushes through the adulation, refreshed by it as one who loves swimming but who lives by something else, to accomplishments yet to be. At eighty-six he is interviewed by a reporter who properly head-lines his interview, "Young man, expect great things." He thought Lot's wife merited her fate by her backward look. He was ever alert, facing the future, bent on accomplishment.

But he was never bent on accomplishments for Gibbons. There seems no man in whom the chord of self had passed more completely out of sight. It is true that, long after eighty, he refused to divide his bishopric with a younger man. He had become accustomed to mastery and was unwilling to be impeded. But it was not on the mastery that he dwelt. One wonders whether "Cardinal Gibbons" was ever presented to his imagination. He loved sporting with children, liked to have priestly black almost submerge cardinal, enjoyed dismissing the automobiles of courteous ecclesiastics and walking them off at a merry clip. No one could force a car of his own upon him. Late in his career he said: "I have not a dollar in the world; if I had, I would pay the debt on Gibbons Hall." Twice he resisted promotion, accepting it as he afterwards prevailed upon Pius X to accept the papacy, as an act of discipline. He was as selfless as Washington. He was as dignified as he, though less conscious of dignity and less satisfied with it. He believed in position as did Washington, in stability and order as did he. His last article was fittingly, The Constitution and George Washington. They both had passive intellects, active wills, dauntless eyes that looked eagerly outward. But Gibbons carried with him a less wind-swept atmosphere. Washington believed in God and was usually content with that. Gibbons's activity was gentled by three hours of daily prayer. It would be true but misleading to say: "Whatever happened, those three hours had to be allowed for." For they gave him poise for his work. They were the source of the magnetism which led men to one who prayed away all pride of position and delight in command. They never made him introspective; they were not primarily mounts of vision; they were rather reminders of God, correctors of self-importance, tuners of an objective temperament to ineffable mysteries. Gibbons is a living and more convincing reproduction of Saint Gaudens's statue of Brooks, energy touched with high restraint. "He is one of the wisest men in the world"—I think it was President Taft who said that.

Given, however, the abiding sense of reverence which throws a halo over a man's personality, Gibbons was a man of accomplishment. Was there ever a drabber definition of a saint? "A saint is one who keeps the commandments of God and the precepts of the church and discharges with fidelity the duties of his state of life." Yet it will not do to put him into the limbo of practical men; he was ruled by something more than tasks; he went in and out among duties, chose some for himself and let others lie. He was a man of understanding—of an intellect turned outward rather than inward or upward or beyond. His heart was ever open to individuals but his understanding was his ruling faculty and it busied itself with institutions. His loyalties were directed mainly to church, to school, to state. And because the highest objects of his devotion were institutions, he was cautious, far-seeing, politic, confident, wide-visioned, serene. His accomplishments were therefore large and they were various. He founded a great university, he wrote a book of apologetics which Dr. Will asserts to have had a larger circulation than any religious book except the Bible, he was the promoter and upbuilder of a huge and growing organization, he was a preacher of elementary truths to overflowing congregations, he was the maker of a Pope, he was the successful antagonist of a policy of repression for labor organizations and of a policy of accentuating European nationality in American catholicism, he was, in the estimation of Lyman Abbott, the most effective opponent of the Louisiana lottery, it was he to whom we owe the adjustment of the delicate question of the friars' lands in the Philippines after it had baffled Roosevelt's resources. All these and other accomplishments are recounted in the thousand pages of this official biography.

Official biographies are rarely satisfying, though they command the material. This one is unnecessarily prolix

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and perhaps necessarily fulsome. It is Dr. Will's second life of his hero and, do what he may to prevent it, Gibbons's success has almost submerged Gibbons. He is a figure rather than a man. There are few revealing personal gestures—instead there is a journalistic chapter, labeled "Anecdotes." We listen to his triumphs rather than to his conflicts. He walks too readily on the waves, where even Peter had his difficulties. We scarcely are allowed a glimpse of his antagonists. We see but the biretta of Cahensley and a touched-up portrait of Corrigan. The volumes are an irenicon for Catholics and a witness for Protestants, "our separated brethren" as Gibbons so amiably denoted them. Nor do we see Gibbons's friends clearly, either. It is particularly regrettable that the alluring figure of Father Hecker is scarcely recognizable through the thick neutral colors of the background. The reader feels that he is watching a succession of stereopticon pictures rather than the acts of a stirring drama. But Dr. Will has not missed the main point. He has made it evident that while it may be impossible, despite Benjamin Franklin, to serve both God and Mammon, it is quite possible to serve both an authoritative church and a free state.

In a sermon which he delivered at the consecration of the Baltimore Cathedral—with which his life was singularly bound up—he declared in 1876, "The Church flourishes only in the beams of liberty." In the speech in his titular church at Rome after his elevation to the Cardinalate—at the audacity of which he himself marveled twenty-five years later—whose echoes reverberated through the Catholic world, he declared: "For her (the Church's) great progress we are indebted—to the civil liberty we enjoy in our enlightened republic. She has been forced to struggle for her existence wherever despotism has cast her dark shadow. But in the genial air of liberty she blossoms like a rose. I belong to a country where the civil government holds over us the aegis of her protection without interfering with us. Our country (and these words became his shibboleth) has liberty without license and authority without despotism." The sharp criticism which arose broke harmlessly on Gibbons's citation of Leo's startling encyclical, "Whatever is to be ranged under the civil and political order is rightly subject to the civil authority." To this doctrine he remained steadfast. While forced to give assent to the idea that "in a country predominantly Catholic, the most desirable relation is the friendly union of Church and State" he declared emphatically: "American Catholics rejoice in our separation of Church and State and can conceive no combination of circumstances likely to arise which would make a union desirable." He frankly feared that if government subsidized the Church, "the civil rulers might dictate the doctrines we were to preach." In a speech at Washington he declared the Church had tried both the union of Church and State and the independent cooperation of Church and State and knew the results of both. He openly opposed the appointment of any Apostolic delegate of Rome to America, fearing even the semblance of diplomatic relations between the Pope and his country. And when the war-clouds rose, he, like most of us, approved of the supreme sacrifice. Though he hated militarism and standing armies, though he was fully aware that Germany had no designs upon us, though he was a member of the League to Enforce Peace and though he had signed the appeal of English-speaking cardinals for a permanent Court of Arbitration between their nations, he called the Catholics of America to arms "to the end that the great and holy cause of liberty may triumph." To the enlisted men of his Church he sent the message: "Be American always. Remember that you owe all to America and be prepared to give all in return." After the war, stretching as far toward freedom as he could, he wrote in his last printed article, "Religious intolerance is un-American," and in the final dictated message to a reporter he said, "Forget prejudices which separate and remember the great common ties which bind us together as children of God, traveling the road of life together."

That his Americanism was no temporary expedient for the benefit of his Church is manifest from his inflexible adhesion to the Constitution. So far from wishing to overturn its principle of utter religious freedom when Catholicism had grown dominant, his every utterance outlawed such a thought. On eight important occasions he upheld its sanctity; that is not too strong a noun for one who warned men from "touching that ark with unclean hands." In a sermon at the university he declared that if he had the privilege of modifying the Constitution, he would not expunge or alter a single word. He opposed amending it for the sake of prohibition—which he deemed fanaticism—or for the sake of giving suffrage to women—"who never feel at home unless they are abroad"—or for the sake of electing United States senators by a vote of the people. He was faithful to his two supreme loyalties even unto death. We witness through him the surprising spectacle of a Catholic Cardinal, just before his annointing for death, listening to his priests reading alternately Von Holst's History of the United States and the Office of the Church.

Yet, notwithstanding, it will not do to extol Cardinal Gibbons as a progressive leader. At the core of his being he was a conservative. And this those Presidents also knew. He was a very wise conservative, it is true, and hated riches. He saw the limits as well as the need of church authority. Altogether his most notable paper is his letter to the Prefect of the Sacred Congregation at Rome championing the freedom of the Knights of Labor—a letter which not only averted their condemnation in America but ultimately reversed an actual condemnation of their order in Canada. He protested also in the face of Archbishop Corrigan's judgment against placing Progress and Poverty on the index. And he won his point, though its author lived in the diocese of New York. But he feared both a strong Church and an unleashed people. He opposed government ownership of public utilities; "Do not nag the railroads," he cried. He constantly lumped anarchy, socialism and nihilism together and denounced them all. Bolshevism was his especial target. He fought the initiative, referendum and recall as the rule of the mob. He favored the restriction of suffrage in the Negro centres by a property qualification. He defended the Congo government. The only difference he could perceive between Mormonism and divorce was one between simultaneous and successive polygamy. He had a marked preference for things as they are.

Underneath this predilection of his was a belief in infallible authority—and in infallible authority of a changeless sort. With all his desire for Christian union he could see no other road to it but a universal return to the Roman Church. There must be "some authority living and acting that can definitely say what is or what is not Divine Truth." "The question always has been the faith held in the past from the beginning by the Church" is a note in his youthful diary which seems never to have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been revised. "The little child, familiar with his catechism, has mastered the great problems of life." His biographer gives us no reason to doubt his concurrence with the statement in Leo's official letter to him: "History proves clearly that the Apostolic See has continued 'in one and the same doctrine, one and the same sense and one and the same judgment.'" The doctrine of infallibility plus the doctrine of irreversibility destroys all hope of spiritual union without sacrificing spiritual life.

And so the reviewer lays down the handsome volumes with a sense of vanquishment. He has communed with a man of God, of compassion, of courage, of faith, who brackets his love of liberty with reverence for petrified Truth. He has learned through him the depressing lesson that the surest way to be hailed as a leader of liberalism whom all men delight to honor is to put oneself at the head of laggard battalions and with flags flying and fifes playing to lead them into permanent quarters a mile or so in the rear of the main body of the applauding citizens. He carries with him, however, the consolation of believing that the Cardinal, who magnanimously sent for a Protestant minister of Baltimore to tell him that he agreed with him in objecting to a civic holiday in honor of the twenty-fifth celebration of his cardinalate, would be glad over such heads as the reviewer's to make the sign of the cross.

A. W. VERNON.

British Foreign Policy 1815-1866

The Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy (volume ii, 1815-1866). Edited by Sir A. W. Ward and G. P. Gooch. New York: The Macmillan Company. $7.50.

THIS is one of the soberest volumes of history which has appeared for many years. Dealing as it does with a period not so overwritten as that covered in the previous volume, there is evidence on every page of sound scholarship and first-class research, which will appeal to scholars and to the technical students of the field. With these, however, we are not so much concerned. But it is well at once to put on record our appreciation of a work fully worthy of the historical traditions of Acton and Maitland. Whether the writing be fine or dull—and it is not all dull—there are no signs of that brilliant sweep which has too often passed for historical work in England at the expense of laboratory experience with originals.

The history begins with the "reconstruction" period after Waterloo and closes with the rise of modern Greece and Prussia. Big names fill the canvas—Castlereagh, Canning, Wellington, Palmerston. The finest chapters in the book are those which deal with the first two. Professor Phillips and Mr. Temperley write brilliantly. Castlereagh and Canning are not only contrasted but are disclosed as two aspects of a similar policy—hatred of autocracy, impatience with doctrinaires, liberal-conservative sympathy with constitutional advances and patent honesty. Castlereagh loved the limelight less than Canning—he was a poor speaker: but in a greater or lesser degree both believed in a certain amount of publicity. With them we may say that foreign policy for the first time began to walk in the open air. What strikes us in these two chapters is this: the writing is pregnant, rich, suggestive because both authors are masters of their subjects. There is no glorification of Great Britain, nothing of "my country right or wrong"—a fact which characterizes the entire volume—but the confidence of the expert who knows his subject, its necessary values, and who is not afraid that the critics will "pull him up" as ignorant, if he keeps to the high-road and omits details. For example, Mr. Temperley's discussion of the Monroe Doctrine is based on a thorough knowledge of the material; but he never allows himself to get lost in it, and he constructs perhaps the best general view of the problem yet written. Sober, surefooted, well-informed, he moves forward amid snares and pitfalls—and the thing takes form unconscious of the latent emotions which it might easily arouse, for we live in North America very near our past.

Another chapter which is eminently successful is Professor Hearnshaw's on The European Revolution and After, 1848-1854. There is first-class writing here—vivid as to subject matter, quick-moving as to history—and the author lightens his learning with a sense of humor quite unique in the volume. And there is learning. The causes of the Crimean War are submitted to one of the finest examinations of which we know. These pages stand out as challenging and suggestive, and on them Mr. Reddaway constructs the Crimean history with excellent proportions. From both chapters it is possible to obtain "a bird's eye" view of Palmerston—perhaps that is enough. Shrewder than Lloyd George, better informed in men and things, he was, however, a kind of stucco-Canning. He had all the elements of a jingo in his make-up—and he has obtained a historical fame accentuated by contrasts with his contemporaries. He liked the public—but the public before 1867 and 1884 and 1918 and public education. He could rally "public" opinion, was the idol of "the masses;" but how immoral it all seems, how pestilential, how demagogic—he was a kind of mid-Victorian soap-box orator. Of course he was successful—even in his failures. Of course he was farseeing, even in his short-sightedness; but we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that he was a bit of a charlatan and a bit of a cad.

The other chapters are learned but uninspiring. There is too much compression. Facts protrude. The chroniclers are upon us. In a non-technical review, it would be invidious perhaps to point out some chapters which savor of the tour de force, or to suggest that in a definitive work there is a danger, very patent in the Cambridge Mediaeval History, in selecting writers, who—whatever their professional qualifications may be—are perhaps only rising on the historical heavens. We should like, however, to make an exception in favor of one crowded chapter. Sir Adolphus Ward presents the most erudite contribution to the volume—that on the Schleswig-Holstein affair. Those of us who have feebly lectured on it to drowsy undergraduates accepted as an axiom Palmerston's ancient jibe; and we are almost glad to feel that even Sir Adolphus Ward has not succeeded in making the problem interesting. On the other hand, he has illuminated it in a full authoritative survey. We begin to *see* "things" and to get some intelligent idea of what the game was at which Russell, Palmerston and Bismarck were playing.

We naturally turn to follow American affairs to see if the methods and form and atmosphere of Mr. Temperley are constant. The two chapters covering this history—United States and Colonial Developments, 1815-1846;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anglo-American Relations during the Civil War—are written by Professor A. P. Newton. We are inclined to believe that they are two of the best in the book. Throughout there is constant evidence of a thorough acquaintance with the material. That fact, however, is not the most striking. Without in the least disparaging Mr. Newton's scholarship, we see, as it were, evidences that his visit to this continent has taught him to know its fundamental weakness—emotionalism. Far away as the events may seem in the history of a state grown hoary in experience, they are terribly near to us. We can work ourselves up over 1812 or the Maine Boundary or the Civil War in a few minutes. Mr. Newton has learned this. He knew as it were that his task was to steer a delicate craft down a rock-bound central channel of objectivity; that the eyes of millions were on it; that a turn of the helm, a bold move, a piece of daring navigation would erect a skirmish into a Waterloo, a lake-duel into a Trafalgar—might lend parochialism the dignity of internationalism; that the jingoism of the United States or of Canada might receive interpretation as sober public opinion. All this is avoided in perhaps the most delicate piece of historical work—delicate because of the audience most affected. We do not want to leave the impression that these chapters are dull. They are sober; and sobriety is the discipline of scholarship, dullness is its lack of insight. Professor Newton must have had temptations for fine writing, for swift judgments, for not a little sarcasm. Avoiding all these, he has given us excellent judicial chapters. He may have disappointed the crowds; he has written for all men of good will.

It is unnecessary to say more in detail. The book must appeal to all who are interested in personalities and in affairs. We hope that it will not be judged from the point of view of our age. Ideally perhaps there is much to blame in it; much to regret; not a few places where there has been skating over thin enough moral ice. We hope, however, that readers will not get it out of focus, or of atmosphere, and thus lend to their criticism of the events with which it deals the bias of unscientific history. When all is said and done, the principles and the practice of British foreign policy, the building up—or growth if you will—of the British Commonwealth, in its external relations come well through an examination. No one will deny failure, perhaps shame—least of all the writers in this volume. The next age is the difficult one, and we await the last volume, with Salisbury, Lansdowne, Grey, Lloyd George and company. For this period—to err is human, to forgive is our divinest possession; and we can honestly and fairly leave it at that.

We should like to conclude by some suggestions. If Mr. Temperley does not give us the full-length portrait of Canning, he will make the great refusal. Professor Newton stands out as the most competent historian to write for us that long over-due history of American-Canadian relations. On the editors—who deserve high praise and warm congratulations for their work—there is the obligation of planning the Cambridge History of the British Commonwealth as the necessary companion to the volumes under review. On all sides, its history is being called for, and we shall not understand or evaluate British foreign policy until we are able to relate it to the interdependent life of the British Community of Nations.

W. P. M. Kennedy.

The Magic of E. M. Forster

Pharos and Pharillon, by E. M. Forster. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

THE fortune of war cast Mr. Forster upon Alexandria, and Alexandria cast her spell upon him. Of all our modern writers he was the most eminently fitted to receive it. We know this, because he alone has been able to communicate it to us and to make us feel, what in our minds we know, that only this debatable ground, where Greece and Asia strove for harmony and the human sought to include the infinite, could contain the music by which the god Hercules bade farewell to Antony. Strange and elusive and impalpable things have happened in this borderland. It belongs as much to imagination as to the actual. Monks battered in the heads of monks and hanged bishops over their altars in the churches of Alexandria. But on the plains near by the veritable voice of Antony once whispered:

> Unarm, Eros, the long day's work is done,
> And we must sleep.

And many years before, in the great oasis of Siwa, Alexander had heard the summons of God. "A scare he did get," says Mr. Forster with the subtle diffidence that is all his own, "a fright, a psychic experience, 'a turn,'" and then his mind flits softly into a wistful immensity, flutters on the extreme verge of human imagining, is tossed about by winds from other worlds, dreaming of the king who has haunted the memory of Europe for more than two thousand years.

> When at the age of thirty-three he died, when the expedition that he did not seek stole towards him in the summer-house at Babylon, did it seem to him as after all but the crown of his smaller quests? He had tried to lead Greece, then he had tried to lead mankind. He had succeeded in both. But was the universe also friendly, was it also in trouble, was it calling on him, on him, for his help and his love? The priest of Ammon had addressed him as 'Son of God.' What exactly did the compliment mean? Was it explicable this side of the grave?

There, in a paragraph, is Mr. Forster. He is at the centre of his subject and at the centre of himself. What more perfect correspondence could we desire? Under this sign, which he so exquisitely interprets, Alexandria was created to bear the young god's name. Round about this central mystery the contradictory history of the great city falls into order and coherence. Enigmas are enigmatic no longer when the strange key is your natural possession. The smile of Sphinx is sisterly if you know it in your heart.

So the story of Alexandria, seen (or it may be refracted) through Mr. Forster's mind, becomes a manifestation of himself. Here is a world of events that he can comfortably inhabit; in this garment the very tricks of his mind can be accommodated. He was made for it and it for him; for his friend the Alexandrian poet, Cavafy, also, in whose diaphanous verses, as in Mr. Forster's prose, the outward incoherence of Alexandria that is and was seems refracted into unity. Cavafy Mr. Forster presents to us as "standing at a slight angle with the universe." At the same slight angle we see Mr. Forster, who stands by him, also inclined. This to many, perhaps to most, certainly to all those who pride themselves on "seeing straight" and on "calling a spade a spade"—unnecessary tautology—will ap-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pear a deplorable attitude. They will be constitutionally unable to adjust themselves to the angle of vision; they will never understand how much of new and true these crooked people see.

And, of course, if they trouble to say anything at all about it, they will say, "But how *very* personal!" They will resent the implicit impertinence. For it *is* very impertinent when a single mind grasps the history of a great city as a single thing, as living and mysterious as itself. One little man, not to be distinguished from five hundred others when he sidles down the Strand, dares to regard battles and schisms and the fates of empires as functions of himself. Even prime ministers and newspaper-owners do not go so far: they have a sense, if not of the ridiculous, of what will not be tolerated in them. Yet this little man has the audacity to snip with his scissors at the stuff of history and make himself a suit of clothes. It is terrible. It is more terrible even than this. For the first time certain people begin to notice of what wonderful stuff the suit is made. Suddenly they recognize it as the authentic asbestos, immortally enduring. And naturally they begin to feel that there is something right and true in this use of the vague and faded material; it shines so splendidly now. It must have been waiting for the little man.

The implications of this conclusion are rather awful. That is why the majority of people avoid it. A more real reality is an alarming thing to have about; worse still is the thought that it is reserved for odd people to make contact with it, for people who, abandoning the good old practice of looking things in the face, cock their heads sideways at them and get a glimpse of what is behind. To this dubious race Mr. Forster indisputably belongs. Being a dubious character, he goes off to a dubious city, to that portion of the inhabited world where there is most obviously a bend in the spiritual dimension, to a place that is own brother to that spot on the Windsor Road where Mr. Barnstaple heard the sound, "sharp like the snapping of a lute-string," which was the music to his entry into Utopia—to a tense and exciting "field" (as the physicists would call it) where the atmosphere is preternaturally keen and there is a lucid confusion of the categories. At this point a spinning eddy marks the convergence of two worlds, and in its vortex contradictories are reconciled. It is nothing less than a crack in the human universe. Mr. Forster wanders off to put his ear to it. He finds Mr. Cavafy already engaged in the enterprise. So they listen together. They hear the defunctive music which attended Mark Antony to his last triumph, the words which were whispered by the priest of Ammon to the son of God, and the Bedouin singing "tunes to his camel that he can only sing to the camel, because in his mind the tune and the camel are the same thing."

There is a vortex in Alexandria, and Mr. Forster, being sensitive to such disturbances, was drawn into it inevitably. That is how we would explain this book and the glittering, shimmering magic that dances in and out of its pages. You may suggest, if you are interested in these inquiries, that if Mr. Forster were put anywhere else on the earth's surface, he would be found behaving oddly and glancing sideways at creation. Certainly he has shown an inclination that way before. That is why we remember his former books. They were not exactly good books, sometimes they were almost childish books, but they were in parts peculiar. But Pharos and Pharillon—except for one essay which recalls Mr. Lytton Strachey—is wholly peculiar and wholly good. Therefore we conclude that in Alexandria Mr. Forster found his spiritual home; the queer fish found it easier to breathe in those suspiciously crystalline waters. Whether he knew what had befallen him the moment he arrived there, or whether it was his encounter with Mr. Cavafy and his recognition in him of a fellow-exile from the world of things which simply are what they are called—no matter which of these encouraged him to expand his own idiosyncracy in the favoring air, it is certain that Mr. Forster has never yet been so convincingly himself or so manifestly different from his fellow-writers.

Yes, we must look for the cause in Alexandria. For we can detect the same magic, scent the same emanation from the antique and king-trodden earth, in the poetry of Mr. Cavafy which Mr. Forster quotes.

> When at the hour of midnight
> an invisible choir is suddenly heard passing
> with exquisite music, with voices—
> Do not lament your fortune that at last subsides,
> your life's work that has failed, your schemes that have proved illusions.
> But like a man prepared, like a brave man,
> bid farewell to her, to Alexandria who is passing . . .

And we have further evidence. Does not Mr. Forster himself invoke the city to explain the hopes of Clement of Alexandria that the great opposites, Greek naturalism and Christian supernaturalism, might be reconciled?

> He lived in a period of transition, and in Alexandria. And in that curious city, which had never been young and hoped never to grow old, conciliation must have seemed more possible than elsewhere, and the graciousness of Greece not quite incompatible with the grace of God.

In that same curious city, we feel, Mr. Forster first gained the courage of his own vision and first dared to venture himself wholly into a "field" that is by right his own. Let us also have courage to compare small things with great, and say that Mr. Forster, like the young king he finds "more lovable" for the vision, "has caught by the unintellectual way a glimpse of something great, if dangerous, and that the glimpse came to him first"—if not "in the recesses of the Siwan oasis"—in the streets of the great city north of it.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY.

George Santayana

Scepticism and Animal Faith, An Introduction to Realms of Being, by George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

MR. SANTAYANA has been known to readers, professional and lay, as a critical commentator of life, as a moralist in the true sense of the word. His insight and notation have been so genial and direct that some readers, professional as well as lay, have classed him as without philosophy, as without continuous logic, an utterer of aperçus, interesting to those whom they interested but without logical coherence and foundation. This view is a tribute to the art of Mr. Santayana and the consummate skill with which he kept his long logic subordinate to his vision and expression of the facts of life of the good or happy life. Speaking of this dullsighted class of critics Josiah Royce once remarked that Mr. Santayana had a definite philosophy from which he never

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

departed: the radical and complete separation of existence and essence.

In his new book the rôle of morals and metaphysics (Mr. Santayana himself uses the latter word in a different and disparaging sense) is reversed. Its theme is the separation of existence and essence, the beauty of essence and the indignity of existence. Essence is doubly beautiful; it is the subject-matter of the poet's vision; every soul that sees the world simply and candidly without the sophistication of dogma—which is much the same as without the sophistication of practical ambitions—is poetic. It is also, under Mr. Santayana's hands, a thing of beauty for the philosopher for it enables him, when it is rightly envisaged, to become a complete and thorough sceptic as to direct knowledge of existence while it also opens to him an unshakable "cognitive certitude"—the being of essences which are the only thing worth knowing. For, as the acute reader of Mr. Santayana's moral writings is aware, existence is to him inherently ridiculous, for the physical basis and origin of ideal goods (and of course essence is ideal) is comically disparate to its ideal fruits. All existence is physical or is matter, and since essence is ideal and its generation by existence is adventitious and its maintenance accidental, existence is meaningless. And what can be more comic than existence which is meaningless, aimless and mechanical, and yet is the sole author and support of the only things worth while, the ideal forms that fill consciousness? And so the moral—for Mr. Santayana cannot even as an overt dialectician wholly cease being a moralist—is to enjoy the contemplation of essence. Moreover by perceiving and enjoying the spectacle of the total irrelevance of existence to essence, we may escape from the tragedy of existence. For tragedy has its source in expectation—in expecting existence to do something for us, in being interested, as we are interested, in meanings, goods. Thus complete scepticism as to existence saves us from expectation, which is practical, egoistic, the tragic illusion of the man who takes material affairs seriously instead of taking essences poetically. Mr. Santayana's sympathy with Greek thought has always been familiar to his readers. His present work reveals—and I think the revelation will come to others beside myself as a surprise—a congeniality with Indian Brahman thought: the insignificant character of the whole world of existence.

As Mr. Santayana is aware there are points in his doctrine that are dangerously similar to types of philosophy for which he has only abhorrence. One of the most illuminatingly direct chapters—and Mr. Santayana's discourse is much less direct than his perceptions—warns the reader against misinterpretations of the doctrine to which the history of thought shows the mind is prone. The Platonists are conspicuous for their discovery of essences, but they give them not only existence but prerogative existence. Essences are not models nor causes, nor intrinsically good. Every bad thing illustrates an essence as fully as things that are excellent. The idealist also misconceives essence; he is so overpowered by its discovery that he holds that it is the only existence, so that matter does not exist. The right conclusion, however, is that matter is the only thing that does *exist*, that works, that is causal and efficient. It is never known immediately, but only symbolically through the essences that it fortuitously causes to vegetate in the mind.

Mr. Santayana has nothing but scorn for those who doubt the existence and omnipotence of matter. The more sceptical we are of the existence of anything given, the greater the practical assurance of things which are not given to mind. Essences are only poetic, aesthetic, objects of immediate contemplation. But besides consciousness, which holds and enjoys these essences, perception and intuition, man is primarily a living body striving to make its way in a world of other bodies that have no interest in its success and failure. To have survived at all in an adventitious world means that that the animal body has acquired some degree of adaptation to the material medium which determines its destiny. In the realm of essences the mind is purely contemplative and at play. But the body has to work to live; it has to meet and adjust itself to hard circumstance. The organized structure of the body in its achieved adaptation to physical surroundings or what are usually called instincts, reveals to us such attachments to the world of existence as essences may possess. These instinctive adaptations are common sense, or as Mr. Santayana calls them, animal faith. And as it is by poetry and the imagination that we live in the world of essence, so it is by animal faith that we ascertain that some of these essences are symbolic of material things since they serve us in judging the material environment, in securing meat and drink, and averting for a time disease and death. Essences are present and timeless; but the perpetuation of the body depends upon memory, prudence, foresight, upon concern with what is not given, with what alters and is in time. It is this concern with time, this need for readiness to deal with things not given, not present in sensation or imagination, which selects those essences that are significant of something beyond themselves, which constitutes them transcendent, or cognitive of things beyond themselves. As with Spinoza, essence is mind, existence is matter.

Essences remain essences, the proper and rewarding objects of aesthetic contemplation and the free play of mind. But their adventitious conjunction with the needs of the animal body gives some of them practical intent and makes truth and error possible as they are used rightly or wrongly to signify some feared or hoped for object. Science changes the style of essences which are employed, because science has to meet larger, more public and remote needs and conditions. But it springs from the same wedding of essences to animal requirement and its objects differ from the essences of mythology only in that they are kept closer to the tests of existence applied to the determination of a living creature to go on living. "External objects interest man for what they do, not for what they are; and knowledge of them is significant, not for the essence it displays to intuition (beautiful as this may be) but for the events it expresses or foreshadows. It matters little if the very existence of external things is vouched for only by animal faith and presumption, so long as this faith posits existence where existence is, and this presumption expresses a prophetic preadaptation of animal existence to the forces of the environment." The practice of the arts is our most reasonable assurance of the existence of things beyond mind and perception.

It is impossible to render an adequate account of Mr. Santayana's new book. I have confined myself too closely and literally to such phases of it as may illustrate merely its title. If Mr. Santayana desired revenge upon those who have assumed that because he subordinated dialectic to expression, he lacked logic, he has it in this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

book. For continuity and subtlety of dialectic the book, though couched in a radically different philosophy, is worthy of Mr. F. H. Bradley, the master of living dialecticians. Indeed, it is so closely wrought and so sustained that it is to be feared that those who did not find coherent system in his earlier writings will not discover it here. Mr. Santayana promises a sequel; I shall make no adverse criticism of this book beyond saying that the sequel is badly needed. It is a delicate enterprise to discount practical intent and the busy life of man in behalf of aesthetic essences and their contemplation, and then to rely upon the practical needs, acts and sufferings of man to make sure of the existence of anything, and to render essences applicable to things and expressive of their careers. A priori one would say that both things cannot be done, and that having surrendered so much to a naturalistic pragmatism Mr. Santayana must surrender more. But succeed or fail, the enterprise is technically one of the most exciting undertaken by any contemporary philosopher. And those who are not excited by the technique of a virtuoso will as always be rewarded in reading Mr. Santayana by the felicitous insight and the genial irony that find incidental expression on every page. JOHN DEWEY.

The Guild of St. Luke

Vincent van Gogh: A Biographical Study, by Julius Meier-Graefe; translated by John Holroyd Reece; with one hundred and two illustrations after the works of the Artist. Two volumes. Boston: The Medici Society Limited. $17.50.

THE nineteenth century will perhaps be remembered as an age when the dwarfs and the giants banished the gods; when the Bismarcks and the Watts lived long in the land, whilst the finer spirits, the Nietzsches and Ruskins and van Goghs, perished in lonely madness. Dr. Max Nordau was not wrong when he characterized the spectacle as one of degeneration; his treacherous failure lay in his inability to see that the degeneration had taken place in society, rather than in those who were at odds with it. The madmen were the developed types, the music-makers; and they were overwhelmed by debased and crippled people—the lamed Vulcans of one mythology, or the vicious, dwarfish smiths and metallurgists of another. In the biographies of Friedrich Nietzsche and Vincent van Gogh we read the tragic story of two men whose quest for a life abundant ran flat against the spirit of the age, which was in search of a mere abundance of material goods and of the sleek parasitism that was its final destination and fulfillment.

Vincent van Gogh was born in 1853 and died in 1890. He was born mid the meadows and orchards of Brabant, in the Lowlands, and he grew up in the midst of a rural society where men still turned over the earth and scattered the seed in the furrows, punctuating each beat in the rhythm of nature with an appropriate deed. Shy, humble, withdrawn, he accepted the lot in life belonging to a family with mercantile connections, and at sixteen, without any definite inclinations towards art, he found himself an apprenticed picture dealer in the Goupil Galleries, first at the Hague, and then in Paris and London. At this trade Vincent lost none of his gnarled, deep-rooted intelligence; on the contrary, he acquired convictions about art which were not always in harmony with fashion; and presently we find Vincent leaving the business of art to his life-long friend and comrade, his brother Theo.

Vincent's father was a minister, and the Bible had seared Vincent's heart with that peculiar intensity which it exercises over the lonely Protestant in northern lands, where virtue envelops the soul like a fog, and cuts one off from the sanity of fellowship with any other being than one's God. Vincent entered the service of the church as a lay preacher, among the miners of La Borinage, in Belgium. He preached; he taught; he visited the sick; he shared the miserable existence of these crude, honest folk; and, as Herr Meier-Graefe tells us in his biography, "he gave away his money, his clothes, and at last even his bed." Perhaps he sympathized with these miners, too, when they went on strike; at any rate, he took the precepts of Christ a little too seriously for the perfectly bourgeois directors of his church; and he was dismissed.

These strained and searching months at La Borinage were not wasted. In the muck and disease and starvation of this mining town, Vincent found himself; the seamed and knotted faces of his companions in misery awakened the artist in him, and slowly, the man who had wandered about, idle, seeking, as he might have put it, God's word and God's work, began to draw and paint. During the next ten years or so of his life his spirit was in continual travail; and out of it his pictures came forth.

The technical development of van Gogh's art does not concern us here; one merely notes in passing his first debt to the painters of his own country, his awakening to color among the impressionists at Paris, and finally, emerging out of this, the brilliant palette, and the firm, slashing strokes of van Gogh's mature art, equally clear and impassioned, whether it touched a few articles of furniture, a cypress in an open field, or a man's head. One understands his art better by its many contrasts with that of Gauguin, that stanch boulevardier who sought the primitive in the South Sea Isles, where one might find it in a musical comedy, instead of seing that it was a quality of life, which one might discover in the plowed fields of one's native countryside. Gauguin, it is true, knew the life of culture better than van Gogh, and he saw that art might find a habitation in our buildings once more, in the flat tones of decoration. Van Gogh, however, had a fund of spiritual energy which Gauguin lacked: he sympathized where Gauguin only saw, with the result that there is an intensity of experience in some of his pictures which in Gauguin, one sometimes feels, is only a firmness of intention.

It comes to this: van Gogh was not merely a painter of tremendous force and originality; he was above all things a man who thought and suffered, and out of the biting ecstasy of his life he created pictures which seem to tell us what a vivid world we might find if only, like Vincent himself, we would leave behind what we call our centres of civilization, and renew once more our contact with real landscapes and real people, instead of drifting through the pall of shadowed buildings and shadowy lives that now overwhelm us. In one of his letters van Gogh says of Christ: "He lived serenely as an artist, as a greater artist than any other; for he despised marble, clay, and the palette, and worked upon living flesh. That is to say, this marvellous artist, who eludes the grasp of that coarse instrument, the neurotic and confused brain of modern man—created neither statues nor pictures nor even books.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . he created real, living men, immortals." One can read beyond this the deep intention of van Gogh's own art: could he have rent his body and mind for smaller aims?

Figure the painter, van Gogh, during the last years of his life, in the glare of the Mediterranean sun at Arles; living in a house where white and blue and yellow and green leap out of the forms of chairs, blankets, and crockery, without suffering from the tepid gradations which derive from dust and mist. What Wordsworth felt when he saw the daffodils in spring, van Gogh can feel when he looks at the shimmering fields of wheat, the orchards, or the yellow mairie. In old Provençe the country is at one's doorstep; the town is merely a place where men chaffer, and rest from their day's labor. One can be a painter here without strain; the very postman shows what a sympathetic and intelligent fellow he is—he poses for one, he becomes a friend. Even the bawdy house is a merry place; the friendly sensuality of the south is not the ugly and necessitous thing called vice in the towns of the north.

Two years pass in a tumult of impressions and interpretations; van Gogh works and enjoys beauty to the full; Gauguin, with whom he had been exchanging pictures because, forsooth, the public will have neither of them, comes to join him; they keep house together; they paint; they test each other's metal and at times strike the fire of hatred or misunderstanding. The life is abstemious to the point of saintliness; here is devotion to art which will make the Philistines shudder with horror in one age, and buy up the pictures, in rapture, in the next. What is the formula? Van Gogh answers: "The healthy man should be able to live on a piece of bread and keep at work all day. He should also be able to bear a pipe of tobacco and a good drink; for without these things nothing can be done. And withal, he ought to have some feeling for the stars and the infinite heavens. Then it is a joy to live."

Van Gogh dreamed of a dedicated life; but he knew the vacant qualms of solitude, as well as the perils of domesticity; and while he saw that "if we wish to keep our strength for our life work we must have only very little to do with women," he was not content to be a hermit and an outcast. He looked forward to founding a community of painters, aiming at the best art possible; in short, he sought to revive, directly and simply, without formal organization, the corporate life which had been the environment of art and culture during the Middle Age; he looked upon his fellow craftsmen as brothers of the guild of St. Luke. "I grow ever more and more convinced," he said, "that the pictures which will be necessary and inevitable if painting is ever to attain to the serene heights of Greek sculpture, German music, and French fiction, will be beyond the strength of the individual. They will therefore have to be executed by a group of painters, who will collaborate in order to carry out an idea which they hold in common." Gauguin laughed aloud at this project; even Theo, Vincent's dear, helpful brother, was sceptical; still, the notion persisted, and to Theo's credit, he spent the last six months of his life, following Vincent's death, in trying to give it a foundation.

I will not dwell on Vincent's end; his insanity was an event in the physical world, and not within the domain of art. It is enough to say that friendship and understanding and a local habitation for his Beloved Community did not respond to the call of this solitary artist; and the great spirit within him took a terrible revenge for its long frustration. In his last letter to Gauguin, from Auvers, Vincent said: "It is more dignified to die while I am fully conscious of what I am doing than to take leave of the world in a state that degrades me." He died at his own command, and retreated calmly to the cloister where even the demented have peace.

There are two parts to a great life, the history and the philosophy, the daily record of events, and the achievement; and Herr Meier-Graefe's work is, on the whole, richer in the first department than in the second. These two volumes, with their mass of illustrations, are a credit to the printer's art; only, since obviously no expense was spared in their preparation, it is unfortunate that they contain not a single reproduction in color of van Gogh's work. As biography, despite the vivid dexterity of the translator, one feels a certain incongruity in the swift, matter-of-factness of Herr Meier-Graefe's narrative; for there are times when his account seems to reduce van Gogh's stature. I have a sense that van Gogh's own letters leave not merely a truer impression of his mind and his art, but a greater one. Still, except for the Letters of a Post-Impressionist (Houghton, Mifflin, 1913) the present biography stands alone; and one welcomes it as an example of what good writing, good translation, and good printing can produce. The spirit of van Gogh will some day find a St. Luke, who will give us the gospel of a man who was, for the nineteenth century, the crucified scapegoat. That story will answer one of the questions that used to puzzle the age—what would happen to a Christ if he walked again on the earth?

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Melodious Steam

Collected Poems, by Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

CAPE COD is a hook, and Provincetown is the bait on that hook. At Provincetown the other day, in celebration of what I was told was the feast of San Marco, I watched a Portuguese procession. It was not a long procession, but it was, in a disorderly fashion, comprehensive. There were three bands in uniform, and an orchestra in Sunday clothes; there were Portuguese flags, American flags, banners of various societies and associations; red streamers, green streamers; men in black, girls in white dresses, babies in perambulators; automobiles, figures of the saint, small boys. The sun shone, the wind blew, the dust of the road covered the feet of the marchers, and everybody laughed and talked to the rhythm of his whim. Vachel Lindsay's collected poems remind me of that procession, so friendly, so naïve, so picturesque, so religious.

The critics, Mr. Lindsay says in his foreword, "gently but altogether misrepresent" him. In an autobiographical fashion he therefore explains himself. His prose is less alluring than his verse. For instance:

"There has been so much discussion as to whether the verses in these first two sections were songs or orations, that the fairly consistent record of an art-student's quest has been assumed not to exist." The plenitude of s's here recalls the closing line of Mr. Lindsay's Kallyope Yell—"Sizz . . . Fizz . . ." Yet he makes himself clear. He is a man with a mission, a mission of which he is earnestly and honorably convinced. As he puts it in Beyond the Moon:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Though I draw toward you weeping, soul to soul,
I have a lonely goal beyond the moon;
Aye, beyond Heaven and Hell, I have a goal!

This goal is the obliteration of human misunderstanding. A sort of Mason and Dixon's line runs, Mr. Lindsay thinks, through our hearts, and prevents our faith in one another. The worker does not know the virtues of the tramp, nor Main Street the splendors of art; to the Californian the Jap seems alien, and so does the child to the adult. Of all these misunderstandings, personal and national, Mr. Lindsay would rid us. His spirit dwells in the Interpreter's House, and sallies forth singing. He says twice, once in The Ghost of the Buffaloes and once in the Litany of the Heroes:

I would rouse the Lincoln in you all,
That which is gendered in the wilderness
From lonely prairies and God's tenderness.

And in another key he repeats his determination in The Kallyope Yell:

Willy willy willy wah Hoo!
Steam shall work melodiously,
Brotherhood increase.

So far as steam is concerned, there is no question that it works in Mr. Lindsay's poems. Energy, as Florian Slappey says, he ain't got nothing else but. His rhythms as he has often explained, are meant to be whispered, not shouted; his own soul dwells preferably among the silences. But his lines are very difficult to whisper. He stamps, italicizes, repeats, challenges the attention constantly. Take for example, "I went down into the Desert"—

To meet my God,
By him be comforted,
I went down into the desert
To meet my God,
And I met the devil in red.

The italics are Mr. Lindsay's own. They always are. In the form of his work he seems to have no confidence except through advertising. In A Rhyme about an Electrical Advertising Sign, which Mr. Lindsay calls a "clumsy contraption," occurs the following description:

Blatant, mechanical . . . . . .
Wickedly red or malignantly green,
Like the beads of a young Senegambian queen,
Showing, while millions of souls hurry on
The virtues.

Nothing could be further from Mr. Lindsay's red and green assonances than wickedness or malignance; but otherwise the lines are not unaptly characteristic of much of his work.

This is said, it must be understood, from the point of view of one reading to himself. And this point of view Mr. Lindsay refuses to accept. It is as chants that he presents many of his poems. As he remarks of the Collected Poems, "practically every new copy will be first opened on the lap of some person in a new audience of mine, trying to follow me as I recite." In other words, Mr. Lindsay is a wandering minstrel boy, and the volume before us is a sort of stenographic record of his public appearances. Accepted in this fashion, his poems do certainly provide delight. I have heard Mr. Lindsay chant in what seemed to me

A voice
Far above singing.

But then, so have I heard Mr. Bryan, in the olden golden days, speak. So perceived, the abundance of rhetoric, the insistence upon beat, the timidity which fears the loss of all effects not obvious, will never be annoying and seldom even noticed.

To a mere reader, however, the lack of phrases that astonish and charm is likely to be painful. Poetry is sound, but sound is not the whole of poetry. If it were, who should surpass Tennyson? The Keatses, the Sandburgs of our own day, have taught us so much at least. Imagery, conceived of beauty or force, and expressed with richness or precision, the reader demands; and from Mr. Lindsay does not often get. True, he elaborates and colloquializes; true, moreover, that many of his conceptions are, in the large, effective, as for instance the famous idea of General William Booth Enters Into Heaven, or the Song of the Rachel-Jane beside the car-haunted roads of Kansas. But in detail his achievements seem on the whole conventional. There are occasional bits of phrasing; as that describing Lincoln—"star of a weedy stream," or in Our Mother Pocahontas:

She sings of lilacs, maples, wheat,
Her own soil sings beneath her feet,
Of spring-time, and Virginia.

There is one unforgettable quatrain—the comment on the children of the poor—

Not that they starve, but starve so dreamlessly,
Not that they sow, but that they seldom reap,
Not that they serve, but have no gods to serve,
Not that they die, but that they die like sheep.

And finally there are the two outstanding short poems, Abraham Lincoln walks at Midnight and The Eagle that is Forgotten, both as sure of places in any anthology of American verse as Whitman's My Captain or Whittier's Ichabod, which in some strange fashion they suggest.

But if Lindsay's verses suggest the accordion rather than the flute at least it is an accordion manipulated by a master. Wonderful rolling vaudeville rhythm, wonderful endearing vaudeville sentiment, wonderful fearless vaudeville cynicism:

Where is McKinley, Mark Hanna's McKinley,
His slave, his echo, his suit of clothes?
Gone to gain the shadows, with the pomps of that time,
And the flame of that summer's prairie rose.

Of lines like these there are hundreds; John L. Sullivan, the Strong Boy of Boston is a treasure-house, and so is In Praise of Johnny Appleseed. Different but equally entertaining are The Mouse That Gnawed The Oak-Tree Down, Factory Windows Are Always Broken and such like comments upon our life, which to Mr. Lindsay is so arithmetically simple. Indeed, it is in the number of such verses that the complete justification for the "collection" of Mr. Lindsay's poems is to be found. He is no delicate developer of details, but a glorified sign-painter on a panoramic rampage; the real value of his work lies not in any incidental finish it may possess, but in its extent and its unfailing gusto.

JAMES WEBER LINN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Machen's Masterpiece

The Hill of Dreams, by Arthur Machen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE republication in America of Mr. Machen's masterpiece, The Hill of Dreams, to which he has contributed an introduction, is a literary event of permament significance. The history of this work, as outlined by the author in his autobiography,* may serve as a typical example of a great book, long neglected, and finally recognized at its true worth. The novel was finished in 1897 and submitted for publication to Mr. Grant Richards, then a newcomer in the London book world. Mr. Richards would have none of it, and wrote the author advising him by no means to publish the book, for it would do him no credit. It was not until 1907 that the work finally appeared, and the publisher was—Mr. Grant Richards.

It may have been favorably reviewed in some quarters, but Mr. Machen, whose temper was always improved by unfavorable reviews, quotes only those writers who declared the book "aridly inhuman," "not written quite well enough," tedious and unpractical. Neither the English edition nor the American edition, published, I believe, by Dana Estes, of Boston, was a "success." Yet a few perverse readers, insisting on the value of excellent writing, naughtily disregarded the reviewers and continued to pass the book round among an ever-widening circle of admirers.

In his introduction to the new edition, Mr. Machen describes thus the origin of The Hill of Dreams: "The required notion came at last. . . . I am not quite sure, but almost sure, that the needed hint was discovered in an introduction to Tristram Shandy written by that most accomplished man of letters, Mr. Charles Whibley. Mr. Whibley, in classifying Sterne's masterpiece, noted that it might be called a picaresque of the mind, contrasting it with Gil Blas which is a picaresque of the body. This distinction had struck me very much when I read it . . . and applying it to another eighteenth century masterpiece, I asked myself why I should not write a 'Robinson Crusoe' of the soul. I resolved forthwith that I would do so; I would take the theme of solitude, loneliness, separation from mankind, but, in place of the desert island and a bodily separation, my hero should be isolated in London and find his chief loneliness in the midst of myriads of myriads of men. His should be a solitude of the spirit."

The Hill of Dreams, then, concerns the soul of Lucien Taylor, driven by disappointment in actual people and things ever farther into the country of the imagination, until that country claims him completely. A very undiscerning critic, steeped in all sorts of modern psychoanalytic hocus-pocus, has declared that the book is a marvelous description of a man going mad. It is far from that. It is a marvelous description of a man taking refuge in the higher sanity of the imagination from the madness of the world about him.

The boy is born in the strange border-country between Wales and England, and its ghostly relics from the Roman past, its haunted forests and glimmering white twilights become a part of him. Ever he attempts to live in the outer world the occult beauty that he knows so well. He tries to effect a compromise between the transmuted realm which he inhabits and the actual countryside of mean little climbers, hypocrites of all sorts, and people who seem to his beauty-accustomed eyes worse than the Yahoos. A single hint of kindliness or intelligence will convince him for the moment that he has discovered, in flesh and blood, someone worthy of his own land. Always, quickened by an over-sensitive imagination, disillusionment follows. Bit by bit, he is driven back into the recesses of the spiritual forest. He recreates in his mind, the Roman city that had left its fallen stones and ruined fortresses among the entangled thickets of the hills.

Henceforth, his life becomes dual. Leaving his homeland, he goes up to London, intending to express in words the spell of the occult territory that he carries with him wherever he goes. Casual incidents of the streets become monstrous Sabbatical rites before his gaze; the torpor of a London Sunday becomes an unendurable horror. From these he turns back to the gardens, the taverns, the lovely and awful inhabitants of his dream. Reality and vision become confused in his mind; he thinks that passers-by are shrinking from him in terror; and as the outer world becomes transformed into shapes ever more dreadful the inner assumes ever more alluring and intricate patterns.

Still there would be an escape for him if he could express adequately the wonder of the "town great as Babylon, terrible as Rome, marvellous as Lost Atlantis, set in the midst of a white wilderness surrounded by waste places." But he cannot. What he writes one day is torn up the next; the phrases that seemed so resonant, so fiery, become flat and ashen. And this failure, combined with a very realistic lack of the necessities of life, builds a great gray wall round the country of his imagination so that he cannot escape from it, and what he had created to be his playground becomes his prison.

The book suggests comparison with music more than any other that I can think of, and, as Pater remarks, all the arts move toward music as their goal. The construction is almost symphonic, the opening sentence: "There was a glow in the sky as if great furnace doors were opened" announcing the subject of the work. The themes of the novel become ever more fantastic and more enraptured as the hero moves onward from the life of actuality to the life of the spirit; they are developed and restated ever with a new significance; and the tempo of the whole composition quickens consistently, becoming more and more intense, right up to the terrible climax. And, of course, Mr. Machen's supremely sonorous style at once suggests the analogy of music; it is the only style that continues and enriches the sort of loveliness for which Thomas De Quincey's Dream Fugue stands as the symbol.

This edition of The Hill of Dreams will not fall on unlistening ears and unbeholding eyes. Mr. Machen's literary destiny is a happy one. Almost alone among the temporarily neglected masters, he has become recognized during his lifetime. And, let us hope, this appreciation will somewhat atone for the obscurity he describes so vividly in his memoirs and reflects in The Hill of Dreams. He is one of the masters of our literature, and The Hill of Dreams is his greatest work.

ROBERT HILLYER.

* Things Near and Far, London: Martin Secker; New York: Knopf.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Shining Pyramid

The Shining Pyramid. Tales and Essays, by Arthur Machen. Edited with an Introduction by Vincent Starrett. Chicago: Covici-McGee. $10.

MEN ask for bread, and Mr. Arthur Machen gives them the Sangraal. We all do seek our meat from Shaw, and Mr. Machen asks that we feed on dreams. His heroines faint to the echo of elfin horns blown by the little people of the mist. His heroes wander in search of la belle dame sans merci on spectral meadows, or in the secret caverns of abominable gnomes.

If Mr. Machen has now come into his literary own it has been at an untold cost of loneliness and neglect and oblivion. As much as any other living author he has completed Goethe's definition that to know the powers of heaven you must eat your bread with tears. Nothing can be more lamentable reading than Far off Things and Things Near and Far, the piteous record of an inarticulate ghost-haunted boy spending his youth like a mediaeval recluse in the busy cruel streets of London, knowing no one, caring for no one, on the disastrous verge of madness and starvation, finding sanctuary alone near the gray Welsh hills, in the secret dreams of his dream-tormented heart.

In truth it has been a shocking and unpardonable neglect; but in the nature of things it can hardly be a matter for real surprise. In this tough world a fine spirit can pretty well count on neglect, and regard a sudden premature acclaim from the market-place with a bitter and hurt suspicion. Had his books sold, Mr. Machen would have been the first artist of evanescence to sow dreams and reap porterhouse steaks. Great and tremendous art like Tristan and Isolde may enslave the multitude even during the mortal reign of the master conjurer; but Arthur Machen's is not great and tremendous art, nor do his stories succeed by their own weight and substance. Even the lyrics of Yeats and the songs of Hugo Wolf would quicken the hearts of ordinary men more easily than would the thin fine cadence of Arthur Machen's prose.

All his life Mr. Machen has been a mediaeval saint who rejects the world and the flesh for a secret glory that continues to be a secret. Despite his power over words he is unable to communicate his rapture even to those of us quite willing to accept a high and thrilling mysticism. For all our fondness in thinking life a great dream that has troubled and rejoiced the heart of man, many of us are unable to follow Mr. Machen in thinking character-drawing unimportant in a novel, the matter of this earth always dull, real people intolerable, and realism utterly damnable. It is possible to esteem The House with the Green Shutters or A Mummer's Wife as legitimate and desirable. Mr. Machen will have none of these chronicles of the middle-class. He talks about the modern world eating accursed fruit, neglecting the Sangraal, forgetting the high mysteries. Why, we retort, must art be so circumscribed? It is a hard and bitter doctrine that refuses to let the Sangraal and Tchekov live in the same world.

Here is a craftsman who spares no invective in hating his fellow men, who makes his Introduction to Casanova's Memoires an occasion for chiding that delightful old sinner and belaboring realism, who prefers the Eucharist to life, who avers (whatever it may mean) that the denial of the Sangraal has robbed the world of the fulness of joy. Yet serious literary critics wonder why he has so dwelled in obscurity as almost to take on the aspect of a myth! That may be true, you answer, of his essays, of The Secret Glory which never quite reveals its secret. It may even be true of stories like The Shining Pyramid composed of stones dropped one by one upon the corrupt frivolity of the modern world. Other men, however, have hurtled bricks and minted them in gold. Other men like Dostoevski have summoned huge dreams from their souls, and many thousands have trooped bare-headed behind their funeral hearse. Other poets like Tennyson have celebrated the Sangraal, and nightly drunk their pint of port. Others have lived also in Arcadia, and paid tax returns in Brooklyn. Why not put aside Mr. Machen's theories and consider his stories just as stories? So long as he can spin a colored yarn we can let the Sangraal go the way of all unflesh.

For all the long-drawn loveliness of prose in The Hill of Dreams, the distilled perfume of The Secret Glory, the radiance of The Shining Pyramid: for all this magic and wonder the stories of Arthur Machen are not of the first rank in atmosphere, suspense, invention, or sustainment of power. They quiver with enigmatic gestures and a whisper of doubtful dread. They point toward something horrible outside the picture that never gets into the picture. They hint at nameless unremembered things which continue to be nameless and unremembered. In The Shining Pyramid and Out of Earth there gleams a golden mesh of words; but it is a mesh through whose impalpable interstices Mr. Machen pours an invisible and soundless water.

For these very sins of omission Mr. Machen has been greatly praised, largely by reference to that old gag about horror seen being bad, but horror unknown being worse. Take, therefore, Mr. H. G. Wells's Island of Dr. Moreau and Mr. Algernon Blackwood's Ancient Sorceries as tales of the first rank of supernaturalism, and compare them with Mr. Machen's art of "selection" which is so largely the art of omission.

On the Island the hurt puma screams like a nightmare horror, the little pink homunculus and the whole appalling herd of vivisected creatures transfix the soul as well as the flesh into a paralysis of mortal terror. The spirits evoked by Arthur Machen seem so many phantasms gibbering in the intense inane. Or if you want spiritual horror compare any one of Mr. Machen's longer stories such as The Great God Pan or The Inmost Light with Mr. Blackwood's Ancient Sorceries wherein sounds the magical phrase warning the traveler against the French wayside town "à cause de sommeil et à cause de chats," or that haunted Danube island in The Willows commanded by Powers tremendous and abysmal behind this world of vain appearances. The Machen tales are exquisite in the telling; but the elaborate incantations summon nothing more impressive than night winds and dim murmurings. After Algernon Blackwood's Sand or The Island of the Dog you want to run round and round the room screaming in fear.

Let us, however, pay due homage to the sacramental ecstasy of Arthur Machen's perfect prose wherein you see evoked the vision of golden turrets and shining walls of an enchanted cloud-conjured city wrapped in the illusory mists of a shadowy and dissolving dream.

A. Donald Douglas.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An American Medley

These United States, a symposium edited by Ernest Gruening. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.00.

IT is always being said (and is nevertheless quite true) that this country is in need of self-criticism. Like all pioneer communities, ours is inclined to think too well of itself, to esteem too highly those qualities of men and institutions which have been most appropriate to the rapid expansion of an industrial-agricultural society into the wilderness. When a thousand tongues are turned to the falsetto notes of self-praise and mutual admiration, the guttural saxophone of the cynic smites pleasantly on the ear. The urgent need of a little lemon to counteract all the saccharinity justifies, for instance, such a volume as the recent one called Civilization in the United States, despite its somewhat large proportion of second-rate thinking; it makes us patient with the rhapsodical style of Waldo Frank's Our America; and it insures, or should insure, a hearty welcome for such an attempt at analysis of the various geographical entities as is contained in These United States, the first of two volumes edited by Ernest Gruening, in which all the forty-eight members of the Union are to be criticized, analyzed and reported, each by a more or less native son or daughter.

Twenty-seven are discussed in the first volume, and with a surprisingly high average of success, when you remember the geographical handicap which was placed upon the editor. The hand of skilful supervision is apparent in the degree of uniformity of treatment secured among writers so diverse in temperament as William Allen White, H. L. Mencken, Robert Herrick, Zona Gale and Mary Austin. By some miracle, these and the other contributors have not only been persuaded to write entertainingly—which is not so difficult—but to pack into their pages a surprisingly large amount of solid information about America and American life.

Nearly all of the twenty-seven share a common point of view regarding our civilization, as is only natural in the authors of a collection of contributions reprinted from the pages of a single periodical, the Nation. All of them save William Allen White (one can never be sure with Bill White how far he is kidding his Kansas contemporaries and how far he is kidding himself) obviously disapprove of Babbitt and his ways. The bitterness of the maverick who refuses to bellow with the herd and secretly feels a little lonely and futile is to be detected on many an ironic page.

Even when they are not explicit, one gets an impression that most of these authors dislike and disapprove of American journalism, politics, secondary education, business morality, the social influence of the church, the Puritan attitude in sexual relationships, welfare work and our standards in literature, art and music. They hate Harold Bell Wright, the American Defense Society, Dr. Frank Crane, the movies (with one exception), Rotary Clubs, William Randolph Hearst, radio, Nicholas Murray Butler, women's clubs, advertising, undertakers who call themselves morticians, beauty contests, long-distance dancers, William Jennings Bryan, Secretary Hughes, prohibition, advice to the lovelorn, all Fundamentalists, Los Angeles, Howard Chandler Christy, desk mottoes, commencement orators and banquet flashlights. They like jazz music, Mr. Herriman's Krazy Kat, Charlie Chaplin, James Branch Cabell, one-piece bathing suits, Joe Cook, the Woolworth Tower and Eugene O'Neill. They seem inclined to agree that America was much more pleasant prior to 1880 than it is today (without looking them up I will wager that most of them were born between 1880 and 1890); and in general, they have a settled conviction that there is little hope for the immediate future. Some psychologist might find an interesting theme in trying to determine how far this point of view results from the unconscious motivation characteristic of the neurotic, who in order to accentuate the importance of his own personality belittles nearly everything which large masses of his fellow-citizens admire.

Unlike Mr. Stearns's little group of serious tummy-achers, the contributors to These United States distinguish between the iniquities of the country as a whole, and those of individual states. The writers who deal with the South are uniformly depressed and depressing; but the North suffers a more varied fate, depending upon the temperament of the writer. Thus we find William Allen White genially admiring his Kansas as the fine flower of the Puritan spirit, and only mildly cast down because she produces not a particle of art. H. L. Mencken characteristically sees Maryland as just another dull paradise of the booboisie. Edmund Wilson, Jr., hates his native New Jersey very much as Wells's Mr. Polly hated his little shop. Anne Martin sees Nevada wrecked by a small group of monopolistic "water hogs" who refuse to give the farmer a chance. Sherwood Anderson, in an essay on Ohio which is below the average, manages to say nothing except that he would prefer the state without its population. Arthur Warner shows us Delaware in the hands of the du Ponts; Zona Gale grows lyrical over both the Wisconsin pioneers and the reformers of La Follette's generation. Dorothy Canfield Fisher plainly regards Vermont as a precious backwater wherein is fortunately preserved something of the Americanism of our forefathers. Clement Wood, like all the writers on the Southern states, is entirely obsessed with the Negro problem, and sees Alabama in its terms alone.

On rereading this book at a sitting, the net impression is that such a thing as an American culture undoubtedly does exist, and is growing, despite the dark forebodings which are expressed as to the immediate future. Civilization in the United States left one feeling that the answer is: There isn't any. The American who scanned its pages felt apologetic to the thirty authors for remaining on these shores at all. The contributors to Dr. Gruening's volume, on the other hand, might well induce an intelligent European to come over and join the fun. They portray a growing, struggling country, very much alive, moving forward by starts and jerks, with over-development in some activities balanced by backwardness in others. They are ashamed of many things about their native states; they share vicariously the inferiority complex which at least half of them mention as a characteristic. But nearly all of them seem to feel that here are the materials which may some day fuse and weld themselves into a great civilization. Their book must at once dishearten and stimulate the sensitive American; and it therefore has an importance which quite outruns the quality of even the best contributions to its pages.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Enemy—The Child

A Mother's Letters to a Schoolmaster, with an Introduction by James Harvey Robinson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.00.

A Nursery School Experiment, Descriptive Report by Harriet M. Johnson, with a Section on Music by Carmen S. Reuben. New York: Bureau of Educational Experiments. $.75.

School Records, An Experiment, by Mary S. Marot. New York: Bureau of Educational Experiments. $.25.

The American Elementary School, by John Louis Horn. Century Education Series. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

The Junior High School Idea, by Joseph K. Van Denburg. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.50.

First National Conference on the Work-Study-Play Plan, by Alice Barrows. U. S. Bureau of Education, Bulletin 1922, No. 35.

The Dalton Laboratory Plan, by Evelyn Dewey. New York: E. P. Dutton. $2.00.

The New Psychology and the Parent, by H. Crichton Miller. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $1.75.

Child Training, by Angelo Patri. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

Bookless Lessons for the Teacher Mother, by Ella Frances Lynch. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

THE son of a Persian gentleman of old was trained to do three things: to shoot a bow, to ride a horse and to speak the truth. Thus equipped, he was counted educated, prepared to meet the relatively simple requirements of Persian society, a society which required little of its members beyond military prowess, physical vigor and moral integrity. No doubt even then the pedagogues and wise men indulged in dogma and much argument concerning the training of the youth and his ultimate destiny, but the ends of education were at any rate clearly defined and the means for attaining them were very readily at hand.

Not so, alas, today. Go through a set of recent books on education and you will find as many different definitions of it as there are writers. Shall the goal be a high degree of intellectual power, or narrow vocational fitness? Shall we stress the individual merely, or his future place in society? Shall the means be rigorous routine or freedom carried to unbelievable lengths? Shall we draw heavily on the classics, the learning of the past, or shall we be guided by science and present-day discoveries? Who knows? Who has the wisdom to answer? Is not one pedagogue's guess as good as another's? It would seem so, for with all their dogma and valiant assertion, none of them appears sure of his ground, save when indicting his fellows.

On one thing only are they agreed—the child, the cause of all their distress must be destroyed, or at any rate subdued; and transformed from the alien, independent being he was created, to a creature more pliant to their purposes.

Nowhere is this more clearly shown than in the works of those most loud in their protestations of free education. Take for example the anonymous letters of a mother to a schoolmaster, a book containing a eulogistic introduction by James Harvey Robinson, and on its jacket, a paragraph of warm endorsement by John Dewey. Yet, while the writer is undoubtedly sincere, and often brilliant in her indictment of the existing educational order, her proposed substitute is as blind to the real needs of childhood as the most hidebound old fashioned school. For what else shall we say of a mother, who while giving lip service to the fact that childhood is not merely diminutive manhood, but something essentially distinct and precious of itself, has been at no end of pains to cram her little seven-year-old son with so many adult facts and ideas that his reported conversations show him to be a highly intellectualized little robot, and no child at all? Before his thirtieth month, his mother boasts, he could read and was possessed of a speaking vocabulary of over two thousand five hundred words; and took special delight in his "dodding wittah sysosogee twiangle"—his darling, little isosceles triangle—fashioned by him from colored bits of cardboard! Her elaborately worked out scheme for a Children's Community follows the lead of many modern schools in starting with elements within the child's experience—food, clothing, shelter, barter, transportation, etc., in place of scholastic subjects, reading, writing, arithmetic, goegraphy, but her substitute for a school deliberately reproduces adult activities in miniature with shops and bureaus and all the paraphernalia of community organization, a place well calculated to destroy whatever might be left of childhood, after an infancy spent in assimilating literary and geometrical symbols!

It is with infinite relief that one turns to two reports of the New York Bureau of Educational Experiments, one on their Nursery School, by Harriet M. Johnson, and the other on school records by Mary S. Marot. Here is an honest attempt to find out how children grow, and to give them the necessary environmental conditions in which to develop normally. The feature which most needs careful consideration is of course the world of social contacts and of social relationships thus opened to the young child.

Miss Johnson shows that "taking children under three from their homes and placing them in a group of their peers demands from them fundamental adjustments. Whether or not those adjustments are wholesome and contribute to the health of their emotional life depends in part at least upon the way they are introduced into the activities of the group." Care is taken to protect the child from too sudden or too close initial contact, their individual interests being allowed full play. The section on music in the report, by Carmen S. Reuben is a suggestive and important contribution to a little explored field.

In studying children thus minutely, adequate records are essential and much stress is laid both in Miss Johnson's report and in Miss Marot's on the technique of school recording. One wishes—of course vainly—that such record keeping might be made a part of school procedure everywhere, in place of the empty, but ever mounting array of administrative facts which clutter our public school documents.

It is perhaps because educators have so little that is real to offer that they devote so much energy to the mechanics of education. Professor Horn's book on the elementary school deals almost exclusively with problems of organization and administration, and is based on the premise that with the increasing inadequacy of the home, the state must assume ever greater control of education, even to training the emotions. How thoroughly the state

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has already entered this latter field was amply demonstrated during the war!

Several efforts to liberate the public school from its strait jacket of uniformity are however under way. Notable among them is the junior high school movement, which within a decade, has grown by leaps and bounds, a movement designed primarily to meet the varied needs of adolescents in the upper grammar grades, but which is bound to have far-reaching effects both on elementary and secondary education. In his book, descriptive of the Speyer Junior High School in New York City, the principal, Mr. Van Denburg insists that it is well nigh impossible to remodel the old style grade school with its unyielding insistence upon work that is "uniform, prescribed, inevitable." Let us begin our seventh year with an entirely clean slate, he urges, and then build up a new type of school.

That may be the way to solve the problem of the upper grades. It is, however, precisely in the sterile lower grades that the mass of our population receive all their formal education, a training so bare of the advantages of broadening educational endeavor that they never come into contact with points of view and ways of doing things essential to any but the very lowest understanding of the world. Is it not a pity that so much energy and so much money —for junior high schools are costly to establish—should be given to developing elaborate facilities for the minority who can afford, or can be induced to continue their studies? Moreover, although the hope is that the six year elementary school may become distinctly a preparatory school, is there not danger, in still further subdividing the educational process, that a convenient stopping off place will be afforded at the end of the sixth year, as well as the ninth?

These are questions worth serious consideration, especially since there exists so suggestive an arrangement as that long established in Gary, Ind.—and for that matter in most progressive private schools also—of housing all children in a single plant, from the kindergarten through the last year of high school, and thus affording all classes the advantages of lavish equipment and enriched curriculum. In this connection, it is worth noting that despite the contemptuous rejection of the "work-study-play" plan by the school politicians of New York City, forty-five cities are experimenting with "Gary-ized" schools, and there have been held two national conferences on the subject. The keynote at both gatherings was that the plan afforded not only increased facilities for young children, but a greater degree of flexibility, so that teachers and principals could have literally any kind of school they wanted. This of course does not necessarily mean more real education, for elaborate playgrounds, swimming pools, shops, studios and art galleries, broaden a child's horizon, but do not train him to think.

An attempt to develop initiative and self-reliance by a direct attack upon mass education is seen in the Dalton Laboratory Plan, first tried out by Miss Helen Parkhurst in Dalton, Massachusetts, and well described by Evelyn Dewey. The plan preserves grades for convenience in handling children, but instead of classrooms and one seat for each pupil, there are subject laboratories in which each child works at his own rate of speed and where each teacher is a specialist, instead of a "jack of all trades." Children work from assignment cards, instead of direct, detailed instruction, and may engage on any study they desire, provided they complete within a given period, the work required in all subjects. "There is no time schedule, no bell to summon Horace from one room to another. He determines to work on his geography this morning and so goes to the geography laboratory. His work may be reading references, questions to be answered, maps to be drawn or other pertinent matter. He carries on his work independently, entering and leaving the room when and as he pleases. The time he spends there is determined entirely by his interest-span and his fatigue. If other fifth-grade pupils are there he may join them. The group is allowed to talk, help each other, exchange books and papers, in fact they should be encouraged to help each other." The teacher is there to answer difficult questions or make suggestions about better ways of working. The plan does not propose changing the curriculum, and can be introduced without serious complications into any public school. It is thus distinctly a compromise, an attempt to break up the lock-step within the prison walls. Further than that compromise, however, most educational reformers at present fear to go.

They might go further and achieve more if parents were most insistent. Now a sorry game is played, the parent looking to the schoolmaster for help, and the latter complaining that little can be done because parents have ruined the child before he reaches school. What is needed, declares Dr. Miller is a new parenthood, and he summons psychoanalysis to help solve the enigma of childrearing. With much good sense he declares that the new psychology must aid, not in knowing the child, but in helping parents to know themselves. This does not mean that every intelligent parent should be "psyched." The book is neither very fundamental nor very new, but contains much sane advice and harmless doctrine.

The same may be said of Angelo Patri's paragraphs to parents similar to those so long enjoyed by readers of the New York Evening Post. Here is much wisdom and real insight into child nature by one who understands children and loves them. A vastly better book than the bookless lessons for the teacher-mother by Ella Frances Lynch. One wonders indeed why an enlightened publisher should be willing to propagate throughout the land such advice as this:

"The first lesson that a baby should be taught is 'Stop!' 'Don't touch!'" Ready and unquestioning obedience is a prime essential—for example, "break up the habit of dawdling at dressing. When the boy, after being duly warned, does not get dressed on time, surprise him with a switch on the bare skin. If he knows that this may be expected every morning, you will see a modern miracle worked." "After you have succeeded with this first severe lesson, make a point at least once a day of calling the child to you from play. Make him stand in front of you as a soldier stands at attention and look you in the eye while you give him a simple direction, 'Go to the kitchen, find the broom and bring it to me' or some similar order. Require him to say, 'Yes, mother,' or 'Very well, mother,' and comply instantly . . . when he has learned to obey readily in minute matters he will not oppose his will to yours in more important ones."

But perhaps it is no more harmful to treat a child frankly and brutally as the enemy than to "socialize" him, or standardize him, or even to set him free—according to our notions of freedom!

AGNES DE LIMA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

G. Stanley Hall

distinguished psychologist, has come to the seventy-seventh year of a life unusually rich with experience, study, and valuable associations. Now he has made a searching survey of his life, and he writes frankly of it in

Life and Confessions of a Psychologist

His analysis of his life, its meaning and its lessons, is made with an exceptional understanding of psychology, and with dispassionate honesty that marks it as unique in self-revelations. Here indeed is a ripe product of present-day civilization—a book of remarkable interest and value to thoughtful men and women.

Illustrated, $5.00

Other Books of Permanent Value

Cures
By James J. Walsh, M.D., LL.D. $2.00
The curious, often humorous, deeply interesting and always human story of the "cures" the world has rallied to all the way to the days of Coue and psychoanalysis.

Dreams of an Astronomer
By Camille Flammarion $3.50
The great astronomer muses on what the meaning of those hosts bespangling the skies may be for us; and what mankind and its story may signify in the limitless, majestic, and ordered universe in which our earth is so humble a wayfarer.

A History of Chinese Literature
By Herbert A. Giles, LL.D. $2.50
Christopher Morley says: "We have got hold of a glorious, noble book, a book so seductive that it might well (we like to think) change the whole course and character of our mind—Giles's History of Chinese Literature."

Guild Socialism
An Historical and Critical Analysis
By Niles Carpenter, M.A., Ph.D. $2.50

Recommended Fiction

North of 36 *By Emerson Hough*	$2.00
Faint Perfume *By Zona Gale*	$1.75
The Public Square *By Will Levington Comfort*	$2.00
Madame Claire *By Susan Ertz*	$2.00
The Mine with the Iron Door *By Harold Bell Wright*	$2.00

A postcard brings a free illustrated monthly bulletin of new books and authors.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY
35 West 32nd Street New York

Around the World

Sailing Eastward in the Path of Spring

TO TRAVEL around the globe, into the heart of strange continents, where the call of the muezzin, the tinkle of temple bells, the songs of Geishas weave the spell of enchantment complete! A dream which you too, perhaps, have wished to see come true.

Within the compass of 130 days, you will come to know old civilizations, different people, odd customs; will visit Madeira, Gibraltar, historic and picturesque Mediterranean borderlands, including Egypt and the Nile, India, Burma, Ceylon, Java, China, Philippines, Japan —at the height of Cherry Blossom time —Hawaiian Islands, San Francisco, Panama, etc.

Cook's Travel Service—with its unique chain of permanent offices all along the route — is conducting the cruise; the ship chartered is the now famous SAMARIA, which proved herself so eminently suitable during our 1923 Golden Jubilee Cruise.

Leisure, Comfort and Luxury the Keynote

Cruise Limited to 400 Guests

Illustrated Literature on Request

THOS. COOK & SON
NEW YORK
245 Broadway 561 Fifth Ave.
Boston Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco
Los Angeles Montreal Toronto Vancouver

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Dance of Life

The Dance of Life, by Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.

THREE hundred years ago Sir John Davies wrote his poem Orchestra presenting the material universe under the figure of a dance, in which the principle of rhythm governs the movements alike of heavenly and earthly bodies, and promotes that orderly concurrence which we call harmony.

For comliness is a disposing faire
Of things and actions in fit time and place;
Which doth in dauncing shew itselfe most cleere
When troopes confus'd which here and there doe trace,
Without distinguishment or bounded space,
By dauncing's rule into such ranks are brought
As glads the eye, as ravisheth the thought!

Mr. Havelock Ellis holds dancing as "the loftiest, the most moving, the most beautiful of the arts, because it is no mere translation or abstraction from life; it is life itself." And like Sir John Davies, he maintains that the principle of dancing is fundamental in all that is worthy in our thought and action, in our philosophy and practice of life. We are still, he reminds us, in that classico-mathematical renaissance, which has been proceeding with romantic interruptions since the time of Descartes. Since that time the object of man's thought has been to introduce unity into the various phenomena of his world and the variety of his experience by some controlling principle, which we recognize as science in the realm of knowing and art in the realm of living. "That is why," he says, "it is necessary to insist upon life as a dance. . . . The dance is the rule of number and of rhythm and of measure and of order, of the controlling influence of form, of the subordination of the parts to the whole. That is what a dance is. And these same properties also make up the classic spirit, not only in life, but still more clearly and definitely in the universe itself. We are strictly correct," he continues, unconsciously paraphrasing Sir John Davies, "when we regard not only life but the universe as a dance." Whereas the Elizabethan philosopher saw the exemplification of his figure in astronomy and the rhythm of the spheres, Mr. Ellis finds it in chemistry. But to both dancing is to put oneself into rhythmic harmony with the universe, "to take part," as Mr. Ellis says, "in the cosmic control of the world."

This is the thesis of Mr. Ellis's book: the revelation in each department of life, in thinking, in writing, in religion and in morals of that classic conception of art according to which all details are brought into order by their subjection to a central principle of unity, and developed according to a rhythmic pattern. In his chapter on the Art of Thinking, for example, he points out that the distinction between science and art is modern and conventional, that the sciences are properly today as in the Middle Ages, "the arts of the mind." He confirms this by citing the part which imagination plays in scientific discovery, and fiction in regulated thinking. Our axioms are fictions, the mathematician's pure space is a fiction, force is a fiction, matter is a fiction, these imaginative conceptions having arisen in the demand for unity and harmony which Count Keyserling recognizes as the central impulse of science. Further Mr. Ellis notes that since curiosity, the elementary principle of science, is one of the main elements of sexual love, this connection of the scientific instinct with the sexual instinct unites the pursuit of knowledge in its origin with the arts, of which dancing is the simplest and most immediate in its satisfactions.

In the Art of Religion Mr. Ellis disposes of the ancient opposition between science and mysticism. "If, indeed, by 'science' we mean the organization of an intellectual relationship to the world we live in adequate to give us some degree of power over that world, and if by 'mysticism' we mean the joyful organization of an emotional relationship to the world conceived as a whole, the opposition which we usually assume to exist between them is of comparatively modern origin." He explains this opposition as the result of a certain sectarianism on both sides, "a growth of non-essential traditions around the pure and vital impulse" which conceal "the underlying harmony of the impulses themselves." And again as in the case of science the impulse of religion stripped of its garments appears "a spiritual function which is almost a physiological function, an art which Nature makes."

In the Art of Morals Mr. Ellis cites Shaftesbury: "Morality is the taste of beauty and the relish of what is decent;" and Rodö: "Virtue is a kind of art, a divine art;" and Shelley: "The great instrument of moral good is the imagination," to develop the argument that by infusing morality with the spirit and method of art we can make it "something beyond morality . . . the complete embodiment of the Dance of Life."

In his Conclusion, Mr. Ellis discusses the nature of art itself, both in that comprehensive conception of it as "the sum of all the active energies of Mankind—the moulding force of every culture that Man during his long course has at any time or place produced;" and in the more limited sense in which it represents an aesthetic judgment of the activity which creates beauty. "It is the task of aesthetics . . . to see art . . . as beauty." This obtains for a reason which is again physiological. "It is essential to sweep away in art all that is ultimately found to be ugly . . . for ugliness . . . impairs the forces of life." And this aesthetic instinct is of social value in counteracting such destructive growths as the possessive instinct, by proposing in place of acquisition as a motive another and more human end, that of aesthetic joy. The development of the aesthetic sense becomes a social necessity of the highest order, for only by introducing into society, as well as the individual life, the rhythm and harmony of the dance can civilization be preserved and advanced.

Mr. Ellis is perhaps the chief example in England of the criticism which modern science and realism have given us. He has illustrated the principles of realism in literary as well as in social criticism. Of his work The Dance of Life is in a sense the synthesis. He tells us that it has been in mind for many years, that it began to be written and published in preliminary form fifteen years ago, and that the idea running through it antedates his memory. "My feeling is, it was born with me." In the book we should expect to find many of the traits which have marked Mr. Ellis's earlier criticism. There is, for instance, the constant assertion of a physical basis for the qualities of the spirit—the scientific, mystical, and aesthetic impulses. Again Mr. Ellis has made familiar in his social studies the use of the case system, the collection of a multitude of in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books Everyone Wants

SEND TO YOUR BOOKSTORE FOR

Papini's
LIFE OF CHRIST
Translated by Dorothy Canfield. The best selling book of non-fiction in America. "One of the masterpieces of all literature." —*Chicago Tribune* 74th thousand. $3.50

M. R. Werner's
BARNUM
"The most amusing and genuinely American biography in many a long day." —*N. Y. Times* *Illustrated from old prints.* $4.00

Sinclair Lewis'
OUR MR. WRENN
In which Mr. Lewis takes a commonplace little clerk and displays his soul. "A tale that bubbles with laughter and tears." —*James Douglas* $2.00

check here

☐ Giovanni Papini's **LIFE OF CHRIST** @ $3.50
☐ Sinclair Lewis' **OUR MR. WRENN** @ 2.00
☐ M. R. Werner's **BARNUM** @ 4.00
☐ Carl Sandburg's **ROOTABAGA STORIES** @ 2.00
☐ Lytton Strachey's **QUEEN VICTORIA** @ 2.50
☐ Virginia Woolf's **JACOB'S ROOM** @ 2.00
☐ Jacob Wassermann's **THE GOOSEMAN** @ 2.50
☐ Alfred Kreymborg's **PUPPET PLAYS** @ 1.75
☐ Christopher Morley's **MODERN ESSAYS** @ 2.00
☐ Walter Lippmann's **PUBLIC OPINION** @ 2.75

Harcourt, Brace & Company, 383 Madison Avenue New York

What other books of the year TOUT-BIEN-OU-RIEN *will be read as long as these*

THE DANCE OF LIFE
Havelock Ellis

"A prose poem wherein what is to me the most interesting mind in England distills the essence of his vast and studious speculations on life."—**Burton Rascoe** (*New York Tribune*).

"Even in optimistic America there are enough groping souls to give this noble book a reception that shall be wide and reverent."—**Llewellyn Jones** (*Chicago Post*). $4.00

DAMAGED SOULS
Gamaliel Bradford

"Extraordinarily vivid psychological portraits." —**H. L. Mencken** (*New York Post*).

"A tremendous and arresting book. . . . Nothing short of a triumph."—**Frederick Van de Water** (*New York Tribune*). $3.50

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

—the mule-woman

Love is insanity—not only in the teens, but (tho' milder) in the twenties and early thirties. In the flighties of the forties male as well as female love is pathetic lunacy. Before you ask Her—before you even whisper "Yes"—be sure your affinity is not a mere *mule-woman*—in turn be sure that He is a man, not a soft-soaping Jack.

There are now thousands of ISSUE DODGING HUSBANDS? just jacks, and millions of these educated, cultured self-made mule-women who hitched or unhitched are making the home a myth, potentially when not really murdering babies—playing the devil with the race and with civilization.

To avoid the loneliness, the hellish miseries of a Jack or Jenny union read

Matrimony MINUS Maternity

By M. H. SEXTON

—a Judge—a Lawyer of rare experience. No writer that ever lived—not even Bacon, is so clear, so aphoristic, so forceful, yes "so brutal"; but then Judge Sexton is handling body-brained brutes and fighting for normal men, normal women, for God's greatest creation—**the Wife-Mother.**

If you've made a mess of married life think over the Sexton recipe.
Read the book to Him!—to Her!
If you're happily wedded: SHE is not a Jenny—HE is not a Jack,—95% of all kept and keeper couples wind up in the divorce courts—and the other five? *ask them!*

The entire contents copyrighted

Price $2.00 net. $2.10 Postpaid. Bookstores or

THE DEVIN-ADAIR COMPANY *PUBLISHERS, 437 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK*
Oxford University Press, Toronto, Canada, Agents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dividual testimonies as the basis of generalization. He has applied to the study of the contemporary phenomena of human life as affected by sexual forces the method which Darwin so brilliantly demonstrated in the study of the long descent of man under the influence of natural selection. He has transferred this method to his synthetic study of The Dance of Life. The pages of the book are studded with names from history which testify to the enormous range of Mr. Ellis's mind and studies—Protagoras, Plato, Plotinus, Confucius, Lao-tze, Leonardo, Newton, Faraday, Galton, Schopenhauer, as well as those of contemporaries, Einstein, Hinton, Nietzsche, Remy de Gourmont, Jules de Gaultier, Bertrand Russell, Spengler, Kayserling. Mr. Ellis does not cite these names merely for the sake of their authority. He has made the human personalities which they denote objects more or less of the same careful case method which he illustrated in his studies of sex, penetrating into their experience through internal and external evidence. Particularly is this true of certain scarcely noted individuals whose life and thought he has found particularly valuable—the Australian Chidley of whom he writes, "I never met him, but I knew him more intimately perhaps than those who came in contact with him," the German Hans Vaihinger. He has employed his own religious experience in the same way. Thus in his use of the method of observation and experiment as well as in his dependence on the physical foundation, Mr. Ellis is an example of a realistic scientific critic.

It is worthy of note that such a critic finds his synthesis of the world through art, and, moreover, art governed by the aesthetics of classicism. The dance of life which Mr. Ellis has in mind is not the wild, irregular, capricious fling of the romantic, but the stately and regular movements which correspond to the classical virtues of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance. He confesses that he always liked the slow dances best. As he insists, however, "this is not to belittle the Romantic elements of the world which are equally of its essence. But the vast exuberant energies and immeasurable possibilities of the first day may perhaps be best estimated when we have reached their final outcome on the sixth day of creation." Apparently Mr. Ellis, like Mr. Cabell, sees in God a great romantic artist, to whom we are all playing the part of critics, reducing the vast and formidable material of his creation to order by a process in which individuality plays a great part. "We are all engaged . . . in creating the spiritual world." And in the creation of that world "he who carries farthest his most intimate feelings is simply the first in file of a great number of other men, and one becomes typical by being to the extreme degree one's self." This is to reconcile the romantic with the classical spirit, and to make both the expression of a realistic activity which is individual in its initiative, social in its objective—all of which Mr. Ellis sets forth in The Dance of Life.

It must be added that the least satisfactory chapter of the book is on the art of writing, and in general we could wish that Mr. Ellis had exhibited more of the rhythm and balance, the freedom and control of the dance in the movement of his own sentences. But it is a dangerous thing to make an aesthetic principle the basis of a philosophy. It is only the most merciful critic who will spare the retort, "Show me thy faith by thy works."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Short Story As Confession

The Doves' Nest, and Other Stories, by Katherine Mansfield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

ONE wonders if the publication of The Doves' Nest may not, on the whole, be a little unfortunate for Katherine Mansfield's reputation. For if one had guessed limitations in Bliss, and begun to see them somewhat less dimly in The Garden Party, in The Doves' Nest one finds them positively held up before one, and in a glare no less harsh for being to some extent directed by Miss Mansfield herself. What one has all along felt to be true, Miss Mansfield now, in the fragments of journal quoted by Mr. Murry in the preface, substantiates. Of "Mr. and Mrs. Dove," for example, she noted in 1921: ". . . And I have a sneaking feeling that I have used the doves unwarrantably. . . . I used them to round off something, didn't I? Is that quite my game? No, it's not." Again, a little later, she shows herself even more sharply aware of her special problem. She writes:

> I do not think that I am a good writer; I realize my faults better than anyone else could realize them. I know exactly when I fail. And yet, when I have finished a story . . . I catch myself *preening* my feathers. . . . I look at the mountains, I try to pray—and I think of something *clever* . . . I can't tell the truth about Aunt Anne unless I am free to enter into her life without self-consciousness. O God! I am divided still, I am bad, I fail in my personal life. I lapse into impatience, temper, vanity, and so I fail as thy priest. Perhaps poetry will help.

To this she appends immediately:

> I have just thoroughly cleaned and attended to my fountain-pen. If after this it leaks, then it is *no* gentleman!

Finally, a year later, and three months before she died, she noted:

> If I had gone on with my old life, I never would have written again, for I was dying of poverty of life.

What one sees in all this is precisely the spectacle of Miss Mansfield trying to escape from the net of her own brilliant temperament, a temperament of which, if she perceived justly enough the singular brightness, she had also begun, harrowingly, to perceive the smallness. For her temperament (to persist in using a clumsy word) was, in the last analysis, a very limited one; each successive book has more sharply defined for us the small charmed circle from which she could only step to failure; and ultimately it is the measure of that temperament, of its smallness as well as of its brightness, that it is exactly for the sight and sound of Miss Mansfield herself that we enjoy reading her stories.

The voice, the gesture, the whole sense of scene—and the sense of scene is often extraordinary—are always Miss Mansfield's. It was impossible for her to enter into the life of Aunt Anne. Aunt Anne, like Beryl, and Mr. Parker, and the singing teacher, and Kezia, and all the others, would simply have entered into the life of Katherine Mansfield, to come up singing and shining. They all share

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New School
for Social Research

Summer Term
August 6–September 15

CARL BECKER: European History 1860-1914 (Half Course). Monday, 5.20-6.50 P. M.
HORACE M. KALLEN: Religion and Its Philosophies. Wednesday and Thursday, 8.20-9.50 P. M.
ROBERT M. LOVETT: Social Thought in English Literature: 1832-1920. Tuesday and Thursday, 5.20-6.50 P. M.
W. I. THOMAS: Races and Cultures. Tuesday and Thursday, 8.20-9.50 P. M.
JAMES P. WARBASSE: The Cooperative Movement (Half Course). Wednesday, 5.20-6.50 P. M.
JOHN B. WATSON: Behavior Psychology (Half Course). Monday, 8.20-9.50 P. M.
LEO WOLMAN: Unemployment Insurance. Monday, 5.20-6.50 P. M. and 8.20-9.50 P. M.

Full course: Twelve lectures
Tuition—$15 full course; $7.50 half course
Write for catalogue to
465 West 23d Street, New York City

NITTI

former Premier of Italy pours out a flood of shocking truths about French vindictiveness toward Germany.

"The whole story of the wrongs of civilization he tells with more emotional force than any other author since the Armistice," says the
Atlantic Monthly

The DECADENCE OF EUROPE

"Strips off the veil of silence with which the press has, in all Allied countries, tried to cover the heinous deeds committed by the Entente since the Armistice."
The Nation

"What Mr. Keynes did for the economic aspects of the treaty, Mr. Nitti does for the political and social situation over the whole of Europe."
N. Y. Herald

At All Booksellers $3.00

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY
Publishers 19 West 44th Street New York City

Is Germany Acquitted?

From the secret archives of the German Foreign Office comes this remarkable refutation of pre-meditated guilt.

In AUGUST
CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE

Read this astonishing article; Germany Acquitted of Pre-War Intrigues," by A. Mendelsohn-Barthold in which official records reveal Germany absolved of damning accusations.

One of 20 Big Feature Articles

Wets Destroying Nation
Wayne B. Wheeler, General Counsel of the Anti-Saloon League, attacks the wet hostility to the prohibition amendment as an assault on our fundamental law.

Foreign Policy of Great Britain Criticised
By E. D. Morel, of the House of Commons, Editor of Foreign Affairs and a leader of the Labor Party.

Decadent Fiction
Edwin Markham, Dean of American Poetry, has a brilliant article on the Decadent Fiction of Today, which will create a profound impression upon readers of new books.

What Of Our Women?
Charlotte Perkins Gilman, the famous author, has a striking article on the New Generation of Women. She deals boldly with the women question from the standpoint of motherhood, birth control, physical development, economic freedom, retaining maiden name, etc.

Scrambled Households
Dr. Howard C. Robbins, Dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, has a noteworthy article on divorce.

Civilization Deteriorating
William Dudley Foulke, President of the National Civic Service Reform League, writes on the decay of public spirit, the disregard of law, the loosening of family ties, the decline of religious faith, as combiniing to prove that Modern Civilization is on the decline.

World-Wide Range
There are numerous other articles of equal value by authorities in every instance, covering such subjects as: Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell on Labrador; Africa's Rebirth; How Britain Won Her Sea Empire; the Language Crisis in Belgium; How the United States Is Investing in Canada; Details of the Tax Burden of Great Britain; Poland's Threat to Peace; the Playgrounds Movement in the United States and Europe; the Confederate Army 1,000,000 larger than usually believed; America's Scandalous treatment of her Indians; a Comprehensive Survey of the History of Forty Nations during the preceding month.

August
Current History Magazine

On news stands 25 cents,
196 Pages, Profusely Illustrated
N. Y. Times C., Publisher

Send this COUPON to Current History Magazine and receive August issue free and 12 additional months for $3. postpaid.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her genius, her iridescent awareness; her feverish sensitiveness to hue and texture; her fleetness of gesture; her staccato shrillness of voice; her whimsicality, irony, passion for the twinkling, subdued, diminutive; and above all, and fatally, her cleverness. It is she who, as Else, murmurs: "I seen the little lamp;" who as Fanny, felt that the cups and saucers "might grow little wings and fly away;" who, as Rosemary, found it "a terrible and fascinating moment;" as Edna, "drew her hand away from Jimmie's, leaned back, and shut the chocolate-box for ever." It is she, as Edna again, who imagines that "some stray animal is out there in the garden, a kitten, or a lamb, or—well, whatever little animal might be there." Instances are innumerable. "'Prodger, dear?' she asked mildly, as though helping Milly to a slice of a never-before-tasted pudding." "The funny-tasting tea . . . 'Lobster in the kettle,' shouted George above the music. . . ." Isn't this the same voice that exclaims, "If after this it leaks, then it is *no* gentleman?" Always she is "using the doves unwarrantably," yielding to the temptation to use the "clever touch," which for her was so much easier than the "real" touch. To her own question, "Is that quite my game?" she had answered, "No, it's not." But, unhappily, it *was,* to a large extent, her game; somewhere in every story she surrendered to that impulse to intrude her own charming, sharp young personality; and always, in consequence, she "lost distance," lost touch with her dramatis personae, lost the credence of her reader for the mere sake of amusing him.

What we reach is the fact that Miss Mansfield, far more identifiably than most short-story writers, used the short story as a medium for undisguised confession. She was essentially what one calls for convenience a "subjective" writer—her perceptions, though acute, were narrow in range; and turning to the short story as the lyric poet turns to the lyric, she was invariably at her best when a theme, a scene, a character, most closely and intricately invited her own unclouded personal confession. Such being the donnée, she was freest for the happy full improvisation and colored swiftness of flight which make Prelude, At the Bay, and Escape the beautiful things they are. These superlatively, and all her other stories intermittently, constitute a portrait of the author in a far sharper sense than it is possible to say the short stories of Tchekov constitute a portrait of Tchekov. The difference is simply one of range. The language of associations with which Tchekov's rich and healthy sensibilities had endowed him was enormous and various; his personality (for literary purposes) had become an infinitely flexible and divisible thing; and it was not, therefore, in any particular fragment, very clearly detectable. But Miss Mansfield, whose sensibilities were in a sense all of one sort, or in one key, and whose language of associations was, though vivid, small ("poverty of life" was her own phrase for it), was condemned, like all minor artists, to make a virtue of "personality" itself. She had, of course, no choice in the matter. Happily disguised as the hero in A Married Man's Story, she cries, "Tell me! Why is it so difficult to write simply—and not only simply, but sotto voce, if you know what I mean? That is how I long to write. No fine effects—no bravura. But just the plain truth, as only a liar can tell it." There we see her struggling against the fine treacherous purple of her own personality, that intrusive hue and gleam which everywhere betrayed her; as here, too, it betrays her in the clever and spurious ending "as only a liar can tell it."

The stories in The Doves' Nest are not her best. With the exception of A Married Man's Story and The Fly, which are brilliant, they merely deepen one's impression of the smallness and repetitiveness of Miss Mansfield's art; and even more saddening is it to detect in them her own gnawing sense of failure. She had discovered that she lacked the power and simplicity of the first-rate artist. Would the discovery have helped her? It is doubtful. Perhaps it is possible to guess from A Married Man's Story a new development, an added power and richness; but it is also possible to see it as simply another instance of her genius for colorful and circumstantial improvisation on a theme profoundly inviting her own "voice." The character is a "literary" character—it is Katherine Mansfield; and if it is intensely plausible, it is plausible, once more, largely because of Miss Mansfield's extraordinary deftness in combining vividness of scene with skilfully caught sequences of mood. . . . For the rest, we turn back from these clever fragments, these sharp, self-conscious, and sometimes flashy trifles—trifles oddly lacking in largeness or repose, for all their wit and insight and keenness of perception and phrase—to the earlier and richer "confessions;" to find, unhappily, that even in these is the persistent staccato bravura which ultimately so puts one off. We tire of her "characters"—they are all alike. The neurotic young woman in a pension in France, the ecstatic honeymoon couple, the old married pair, esoterically sentimental—we meet them too often. They are shells, and even of shells Miss Mansfield knew astonishingly few. To go from them to Tchekov's Bishop is to go into a world alarmingly rich and alive, simple and vast. We take refuge, then, simply in our enjoyment of Miss Mansfield's extraordinary awareness. Her sensibility was her own; she reported it with brilliance and delicacy, and occasionally she made an exquisite poetry of it. That, certainly, is something to be profoundly grateful for. And her cleverness we do our best to forget.

CONRAD AIKEN.

McGraw, of the Giants

My Thirty Years in Baseball, by John J. McGraw. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

JOHN J. McGRAW, pilot of the New York Giants, has written a sequel to The Great Society.

It was Graham Wallas who told us how, with the machine age, modern civilization has been drawn into an ever-extending, ever-tightening nexus. The relationships of life are less often the old relationships of man to man than the new relationships of man to the great impersonal organizations which the machine age has created. The twentieth century, if it has more ease and comfort, lacks a measure of romance. There is far less intimacy in our bustling cities. Far more interference by outside forces in what used to be one's personal affairs.

So Graham Wallas wrote. And John McGraw's experience—first in the pitcher's box, then shifting to third base, shortstop, and finally the bench—has brought him to the same conclusions.

In the old days, as McGraw recalls them, "to win at any cost was just as much a slogan of the fans as of the players. They would resort to all sorts of tricks to handicap the opposition. A favorite practice, for instance, was for some

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

House of Superior Construction

8 rooms, 2 baths, extra lavatory, large laundry, an abaundance of pantry and closet room—plot50x215; electricity, hot water heat, hardwood floors throughout, garage, shade and fruit trees, lawn garden, rosebushes, flower beds; living room 15x23—entire building

Bubbling with Cosiness & Sunshine

3 minutes primary and high school, 5 minutes station and chain stores—30 minutes Penn. Station. If desired will sell furniture and seven pass. sedan.

Price $16,000---Reasonable Terms Arranged

Fox, Trinity Pl. Hewlett. Box 176
Tel. Bryant 5467——Cedarhurst 3012

THE Rev. John A. Ryan of the National Catholic Welfare Council has been one of the pioneers in this country in the minimum wage movement. Since the United States Supreme Court declared the Minimum Wage Act of the District of Columbia unconstitutional, Father Ryan has been studying the United States Constitution with a fine-tooth comb. There have been a grist of proposals of constitutional amendments since the minimum wage and child labor decisions. Father Ryan makes the arresting declaration in SURVEY GRAPHIC that the desired amendment is already there. It was in the original text of the Constitution as drafted and as passed. It has been moribund for a hundred years. Why not use it?

SURVEY GRAPHIC
118 East 19 Street
New York

I am for letting the Constitution amend itself. I enclose (will pay upon receipt of your bill) $3 for a year's subscription ($1.50 for six months.)

Name .....

Address .....

Ideal Summer Vacations
BERMUDA
Only 2 Days from New York

Summer Vacation Tours

8 Days-$83.00 and up
Including all Expenses
All Outdoor Sports
Temperature, 77 degrees. mer. Average Summer Bermuda is Cool in Sum-
No Passports Required
Sailings Twice Weekly
Via Palatial, Twin-Screw, Oil Burning, Transatlantic Liners
S. S. "Fort Victoria" and S. S. "Fort St. George"

12 DAY Canadian cruises
New York-Halifax-Quebec
A Delightful Yaching Cruise
Leaving New York August 18
Via Palatial Twin-Screw
S. S. "Fort Hamilton"
Stopping One Day (each way) at Halifax and Two Days at Quebec. Magnificent Scenery, Smooth Water, Cool Weather, Orchestra for Dancing.
For Illustrated Booklets on Bermuda Tours or Canadian Cruises write
FURNESS BERMUDA LINE
34 Whitehall St., N.Y., or Any Local Tourist Agt.

THE ANTIOCH SCHOOL, co-educational, associated with Antioch College, applies the Antioch philosophy of education to the earlier school years. The curriculum is not divided into rigid subjects. The school has a beautiful wooded campus. Twenty boarding pupils will be accepted for the high school department. Address: Antioch School, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

A BEAUTIFUL PLACE IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS FOR A WEEK-END OR AN EXTENDED VISIT

Among our guests such persons as Mr. Louis Untermeyer, E. E. Robinson, F. Luis Mora, Dr. Ludwig Lewisohn, Mme. Helen Teschner Tas, Sara Teasdale, B. W. Huebsch, Jessie B. Rittenhause, C. Bertram Hartman, Suzanne La Follette, William and Marguerite Zorach and Mary Ellis have found this mountain farm an ideal spot for a week-end or an extended visit. Rates $7 a day and $35 a week. Address E. G. Ohmer, Western View Farm, New Milford, Conn.

"PERFECT SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES"
By W. H. Bates, M.D.

This book has proven to thousands that all diseases of the eye are curable without operation or glasses. Leave off your glasses, follow the methods of treatment in the book, and have PERFECT SIGHT at last. No case is hopeless.

Price $5.00—C.O.D. on approval.
CENTRAL FIXATION PUBLISHING COMPANY
300 Madison Avenue, New York City

THAT BOOK YOU WANT!

We have over 1,000,000 (Secondhand and New) on every conceivable subject in stock. On approval. Also Rare Books and Sets of Authors. Catalogues free. Mention requirements. Commissions executed.
FOYLES, 121 Charing Cross Road, London, Eng.

FOR A RESTFUL VACATION OR WEEK-END, TRY

COVE LANE FARM, Marysville, Perry Co., Pennsylvania. 18 miles from Harrisburg and six hours from New York. Old stone farm house with bath room and every modern improvement, situated in heart of the country. Lovely walks and views. Can accommodate small number. Especially attractive for business and professional women. Terms reasonable. Open spring, summer and fall. References exchanged. Address Box 230, New Republic, 421 W. 21st St., New York City.

Cool days at Sea~

Plan your European Trip to escape the mid-summer heat~

IF you are going to Europe this year, plan your trip for September. Europe is delightful then. Days that are miserably hot here are cool and delightful at sea.

The United States Lines operates four separate services to Europe. The great Leviathan, World's Champion Ship—fastest, largest, finest, plys between New York, Southampton and Cherbourg, with a sailing every three weeks. Three other first class ships sail to Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen.

The First Class Ships are:

Leviathan	**Aug. 18**	**Sept. 8**
Pres. Harding	**Aug. 21**	**Sept. 22**
Geo. Washington	**Sept. 1**	**Oct. 6**
Pres. Roosevelt	**Sept. 15**	**Oct. 23**

In addition there are eight splendid cabin ships—five to London and three to Bremen.

Send in the blank below today and learn about this great fleet.

INFORMATION BLANK
To U. S. Shipping Board
Infor. Sec. C386H Washington, D. C.

Please send without obligation the U. S. Government Booklet giving travel facts. I am considering a trip to Europe ☐, the Orient ☐, South America ☐.

My Name.....

My Street No. or R.F.D......

Town.....*State*.....

United States Lines
45 Broadway New York City
Agencies in all the Principal Cities
Managing Operators for
U. S. SHIPPING BOARD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enthusiast to sit in the stand with a small mirror and throw a reflection of sunlight into the batter's eye. That was considered good sport and perfectly proper."

Not today. Tin horns and rattles, when the opposing pitcher works himself into a hole, constitute the limit for the bleachers now. A good catch by the enemy is actually applauded. The nexus tightens. Rome's manners spread to Outer Gaul.

Morals, as well as manners, have been changing. In the old days no player was his brother's keeper. "As a general thing," McGraw says, "there really was no discipline. It was purely a matter of personal desire and ambition." Pitchers who were supposed to be warming up behind the bleachers would steal across the street to a saloon and sell the ball. That used to draw a reprimand, but seldom a suspension. Today, if the pitcher is important to his team, it would constitute a penitentiary offense. "As the teams increased in number and the number of players on each team also increased," McGraw explains, "it gradually became necessary to have a sort of supervision over their personal habits." Players are told what they can eat and drink, what hours they must keep. "It is a rule in our club," says the master of the Giants, "that players must be in bed by 11:30 o'clock at night."

There used to be an old-time sociability, too, that has gone down before the avalanche of time: the sociability of days before the deluge, when a ball team—like a neighborhood—was a social unit in the players' lives. "We met every night and talked over our successes and our failures," says McGraw. "If it was a trip to the theatre all of us went and sat together." That was the Baltimore team, in 1895. Nowadays the successful player has no time to waste that way. He has his column for the papers—his friends outside the club. "One or two players may go out together," says McGraw. Not much more.

There was a neighborliness about the baseball of the nineties. Today, McGraw thinks, "the ball player is a business man trying to sell his wares." The regulars have small interest in the young cub who joins the team. "If he doesn't make good the players know pretty well that the management will get another in his place." As the Steel Trust says to the friendly Serb: there are plenty more in the place you came from.

The game has lost its old intimacy. Its old anarchy, as well. There used to be no code of Roman law. "If a player in a small league got an offer from a big league he would simply jump his club and take it. There was no penalty attached. That was quite customary."

Today it might mean Elba. Baseball has more "government" than anything else on earth. To shift a player from one major league into the other requires as much legislation as a constitutional amendment. There are "waivers" to be asked, penalties to be avoided. The player himself is the last man in the affair to be consulted. A soviet of soap manufacturers and brewers "drafts" him, "buys" him, "sells" him. With his easy hours, high pay and the adulation of his fans, he can scarcely be called an early Christian martyr. But the law is there, and a white-haired judge administers it as no government on earth would dare to rule a country.

Times change. Even on the playing-field the game is different. The old individual initiative is yielding to direction from the bench.

Wallas, in The Great Society, cites the human cogs in shop-machines who never need to make a decision for them-

MJ The Amherst Books MJ

PARTIES AND PARTY LEADERS

By Anson D. Morse

With an Introduction by

DWIGHT W. MORROW

The origin and development of the American party system from the close of the Revolutionary period down to 1914 is here given by a clear-minded analyst of American institutions. The subject is intensively treated, from the place of "party" in a political system to the significance of the Republican and Democratic parties of the present day. Price, $2.50

MJ MARSHALL JONES COMPANY MJ
212 Summer Street, Boston

The Walden School

32-36 West 68th Street
New York

from Nursery through For Boys and Girls Junior High School

Write for booklet

THE aim of the school is to prepare each child for a complete life, both as an individual and as a member of the social group. Art and craft work; auditorium for music and dancing; science; mechanics; French. All-day plan; hot lunch served; outdoor rest and roof playground for younger children; athletic field; afternoon trips making use of city life in connection with school work. In all fields the school encourages primarily the creative impulse.

Margaret Pollitzer.
Director
C. Elizabeth Goldsmith.
Associate Director and Psychologist
Margaret Naumburg.
Founder and Educational Advisor

Brentano's Inc. NEW YORK 5th Ave at 27th ST
Booksellers to the World
Mail · Telephone · Cable · Telegraph
ALL BOOKS ALL LANGUAGES
New York · Chicago · Washington · London · Paris

BOOKS & AUTOGRAPHS. Catalogues post free. Early printed books. Old English Authors. Classics. Arts. First Editions, etc. R. ATKINSON, 188 Peckham Rye, E. Dulwich, S. E. London, England.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

selves in an entire workday. Their smoothly clicking engines—and the centralized direction of the modern shop—relieves them of all responsibility of thinking.

McGraw adds his Giants to the list. In the last World's Series, he declares, "I gave the signal for practically every ball that was pitched by our pitchers. They preferred that I do it. I think ball players, as a rule, can do a more workmanlike job when they feel that someone else is taking the responsibility."

When someone else, in other words, is thinking for them.—R. U. R.—McGraw sent Sammy Strang to the plate to bunt, one day. Sammy saw a ball he liked, and hit it to the bleachers. The crowd went wild. But their hero drew a fine for hitting a home run. What do you mean, demanded a belligerent manager, by hitting a four-sacker when I told you to lay it down? Suppose you'd hit into a double play? "Individualism is all right in its place," McGraw declares, "but too much of it will kill any organization in the world." For all his early reservations, the young individualist of the nineties comes out for collectivism in the end.

Baseball is changing with the seasons. John McGraw has contributed to current literature a critique of his day.

CHARLES MERZ.

Contributors

VERNON KELLOGG, until 1920 professor of entomology and lecurer in bionomics at Leland Stanford, is now permanent secretary of the National Research Council, Washington, D. C.

ALEXANDER KAUN is a Russian journalist, a graduate of the University of Chicago and an instructor in Slavic languages at the University of California. His article in this issue is from the forthcoming Huebsch publication, Leonid Andreyev: A Critical Study.

ALFRED KREYMBORG has published a number of volumes of free verse and short plays, among them Mushrooms, Plays for Poet-Mimes, Plays for Merry Andrews. He was founder and editor of Others, and during its first few months one of the editors of Broom.

FRANCES B. WILLIAMS is a graduate at Swarthmore and a member of the staff of the National Child Welfare Association. She has made a study of child labor conditions in Michigan at first hand.

W. P. M. KENNEDY, a professor of modern history and special lecturer on Federal Institutions in the University of Toronto, has published several volumes on Tudor history and on federalism. His Constitution of Canada has recently been issued by the Oxford University Press.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY, formerly editor of the Athenaeum, is author of several novels and volumes of criticism: Fyodor Dostoyevsky, Aspects of Literature, The Problem of Style, Countries of the Mind, Cinnamon and Angelica, Still Life and The Things We Are. He is now editor of a new monthly, The Adelphi.

JAMES WEBER LINN is professor of English at the University of Chicago, and is the author of The Second Generation and The Chameleon.

ROBERT SILLIMAN HILLYER is a graduate of Harvard University. Two volumes of his poems, Alchemy and Five Books of Youth, have been published by Brentano's.

A. DONALD DOUGLAS, Harvard 1914, has taught at Harvard and Stanford, and is now a lecturer in English at Columbia. He has written a book of fantasies, From Their Galleries.

AGNES DE LIMA was formerly research secretary of the National Consumers' League, acting director of the Public Educational Association of New York City and secretary of the Women's Municipal League.

CONRAD AIKEN is at present living in London. Beside his poems, the most recently published of which are Priapus and the Pool, and Punch: The Immortal Liar, he has written a volume of criticism, Scepticism.

SELTZER
Publications

Escapade: *An Autobiography by Evelyn Scott*

This book, just published, is rapidly fulfilling our expectation that it would become the most widely read and discussed autobiography in America.

Escapade is the story of the author's three years of exile in Brazil. It is a brave, vivid, objective story of love, motherhood, pain, misery and triumph in an exotic and harsh environment. A few men in history have written such intimate colorful, unsentimental personal records. No woman has done just this before.

8vo. $3.00

Studies in Classic American Literature *by D. H. Lawrence*

In the works of eight great American writers the great poet-interpreter of modern life traces the spiritual history of America.

"Two bodies of modern literature seem to me to have come to a real verge: the Russian and the American," says *Mr. Lawrence.* "The furthest frenzies of French modernism or futurism have not yet reached the pitch of extreme consciousness that Poe, Melville, Hawthorne, Whitman reached. There is a new voice in the old American classics." The other writers studied are Franklin, de Crèvecœur, Cooper and Dana.

8vo. $3.00

The Captain's Doll *by D. H. Lawrence*

John Macy in the *Nation*: "Here are three long short stories, or 'novelettes.' Each is a masterpiece. . . . Not one of these stories suggests anything that has been before, even in the work of *Lawrence* himself. The novelty resides in the sheer naked plot as well as in the unmatched individuality of the treatment."

Robert Littell in the *New Republic*: "Stories about as living and as well done as can be found anywhere today . . . *Lawrence* catches lightning."

$2.00

Round the Corner Annette and Bennett *by Gilbert Cannan*

A few sentences from a full-length study of *Gilbert Cannan* by Percy A. Hutchison in the *International Book Review*: "*Cannan* is original; he has made all styles his own . . . The pages crinkle as the lightnings of his sardonic wit flash across them . . . *Gilbert Cannan* will go down in English literature as one of his country's wisest writers, and one most humane . . . *Round the Corner* and *Annette and Bennett* will be accorded high rank as comedies of manners."

Each $2.00

THOMAS SELTZER, *Publisher*
5 West Fiftieth Street, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Brand Sinister

FOR ages mankind has been kept in slavery to nameless fears and mysterious secrets. Whole races have been kept in subjection by superstition-painted pictures of Hell, eternal damnation, the wrath of God! Are you in bondage to this fear of the unknown? Dare you rip away the bondages that blindfold you?

"The Tyranny of God" is the most amazing book of the year. In clear, lucid dynamic sentences it shatters the centuries-old superstitions, curses, fears that have worked so much woe and sorrow to mankind. Read it and get a new and better, truer vision of life.

Special reduced price edition of $1 now ready. Get your copy at Macy's, Wanamaker's, Brentano's, McDevitt-Wilson, Rand and other leading bookstores, or from us. First edition already exhausted.

TRUTH PUBLISHING CO.,

1400 Broadway New York City

$1.00, *Personal Writing Paper*

200 sheets (6x7) and 100 envelopes to match, name and address elegantly printed in dark blue ink, on celebrateed U. S. Bond paper; four attractive styles of type; mailed in 3 days for $1; west of Mississippi River and Canada add 15c postage; socially correct; samples if desired.

Call P't'g Co., 390 6th Ave., New York

A TRAVEL SERVICE

for

New Republic Readers

IN order to be in a position to extend counsel and assistance to its large travelling public The New Republic has instituted a Readers' Travel Service Department, which is prepared to supply information and data to travellers.

If we don't know, we'll try to find out.

The service of this department is placed at the disposal of New Republic readers in the hope that they will avail themselves of it freely.

So, whether you are planning to travel in the Old World or the New, in this country or another, call upon us to advise with you.

Address:

TRAVEL SERVICE DEPARTMENT

The New Republic, 421 West 21st St., New York City

Results of The New Republic's Straw Vote for Liberals

The results of the Liberal Straw Vote, tabulated below, may be summarized in these percentages: 65% of those voting favor the League, the remaining 35% being opposed; 56%, or slightly more than half, are less favorable toward the League than in 1920; 75% are for a Third Party; McAdoo has received the largest number of votes given one candidate, La Follette being a close second; 81% are for public ownership of mines and 76% favor public ownership of railroads. League sentiment appears to be strongest in the East, and Third Party sentiment in the Mid-West and North-West.

SECTION	Join the League	Join with reservations	Opposed to League	More favorable than in 1920	Less favorable than in 1920	Favor Third Party	Opposed Third Party	To head Third Ticket: La Follette	Borah	Ford	Hoover	Johnson	Choice of candidate existing parties: McAdoo	La Follette	Ford	Borah	Harding	Smith	Hoover	Favor public ownership: mines	Opposed	Favor public ownership: railroads	Opposed
East: New England; New York; Pennsylvania; New Jersey; Maryland; Delaware; West Virginia	497	401	417	491	601	923	328	315	251	92	39	10	370	147	131	151	82	89	53	1068	248	963	342
Mid-West: Ohio; Indiana; Michigan; Illinois; Wisconsin; Iowa; Kansas; Missouri; Oklahoma; Kentucky.	253	247	289	299	374	572	188	249	107	99	14	14	227	140	104	74	50	25	22	653	150	623	180
Northwest: Minnesota; No. Dakota; So. Dakota; Wyoming; Idaho; Montana; Oregon; Washington.	66	67	83	64	109	151	42	62	41	35	2	3	45	43	42	26	9	10	3	177	34	164	47
Southwest: California; New Mexico; Nevada; Arizona; Utah; Colorado.	100	74	136	97	165	245	59	90	47	46	7	6	96	39	58	43	23	12	10	263	54	262	55
South: The Old South; including Arkansas; Tennessee; Texas	64	50	59	64	82	98	52	38	23	24	1	—	53	23	30	15	7	8	3	119	45	115	52
	980	839	984	1015	1331	1989	669	754	469	296	63	33	791	392	365	309	171	144	91	2280	531	2127	676

[Note: The total number of ballots counted was 2945. As not everyone replied to all of the questions there is a considerable variation between the number of voters and the number of votes on any given question. Further reports of the straw vote will be found in forthcoming issues of The New Republic.]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED